

# A STEWART FAMILY

AND SOME OTHERS

*By W. B. Stewart*



Gc  
929.2  
St9101s  
1522067

M. L.

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

lea  
ch

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01393 7898

PLEASE CHECK MATERIAL IN  
BACK POCKET









A STEWART FAMILY

Dedicated in the Memory  
of  
L. C. Wykoff







REV. LEMUEL HARVEY STEWART, D.D.  
AGE ABOUT 45 YEARS

# A STEWART FAMILY

AND SOME OTHERS

*By W. B. Stewart*



*Cleveland, Ohio*

THE GATES PRESS

1947

PRINTED AT *The Gates Press*, CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

Copyright, 1947  
by  
W. B. Stewart

FIRST EDITION



1522067

In Loving Memory  
of a  
Devoted Father and Mother  
Rev. Lemuel Harvey Stewart, D.D.  
Ada E. Stewart

✓  
1463  
10-10-10  
perfect  
-52-



## INTRODUCTORY

*It was always a pleasure for me to listen to my father when he told of his experiences as a farm boy, soldier and minister. They influenced my life. I have repeated some of them to my sons.*

*Father was planning in the latter years of his life to write the story of his immediate ancestors and to tell of his own early experiences. It would have made much more interesting reading than my story of his life. Although he left us before he carried out that plan, I have felt I should record, as accurately as memory permits, some of those items as he told them to me.*

*In doing so it has occurred to me that my grandchildren might be interested in some of my experiences. Therefore, in order to carry out as best I may my father's plans, as well as to give a glimpse of my own life, I have set down the following which, as it respects him, may help my grandchildren to understand the struggles of a boy who became a soldier of his country and a minister of his Christ.*

W. B. STEWART



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

I	THE STEWART AND SIMMONS FAMILIES .....	1
	THE STEWARTS.....	1
	THE STEWARTS SAIL TO THE UNITED STATES	3
	THE SIMMONS FAMILY.....	5
II	STEWARTS IN THE CIVIL WAR.....	6
	WILLIAM ROSS STEWART.....	6
	LEMUEL HARVEY STEWART.....	9
	AWAY TO WAR.....	10
	CAPTURED .....	13
	ANDERSONVILLE AND LIBBY PRISONS.....	15
	PAROLED .....	19
	ARRIVAL AT HOME.....	20
	THE GRAND REVIEW.....	22
III	FROM SOLDIER TO MINISTER.....	25
	MY FATHER'S MINISTRY.....	27
	DAWSON, PENNSYLVANIA.....	27
	THOMSON AND FINDLAY.....	28
	UNIONPORT .....	29
	SENECAVILLE .....	29
	RICHMOND .....	30
	PERRY .....	35
	ALLIANCE .....	51
	STEUBENVILLE .....	60
	CLEVELAND .....	64

	MASSILLON .....	66
	AKRON DISTRICT.....	66
	THE ITINERARY ENDS.....	67
IV	CHURCHMAN, SOLDIER AND CITIZEN	69
	MINISTER INSTEAD OF FARMER.....	69
V	FATHER'S AUNTS AND UNCLES.....	74
	A BRIEF REFERENCE.....	74
VI	MY MOTHER—ADA WALKER STEW- ART .....	78
	MY MOTHER'S ANCESTORS.....	79
	THE WALKERS.....	80
	THE RUSSELLS.....	83
	THE BURGESS FAMILY.....	84
VII	MY WIFE'S FAMILY.....	95
	THE STEELES.....	95
	THE SHARPES, MORGANS AND McCrackens....	97
VIII	MY FAMILY.....	102
	A PREACHER'S SON.....	106
	LAW SCHOOL.....	114
	PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATIONS.....	117
	SOME BUSINESS CONNECTIONS.....	124
	NON-CONFORMIST .....	128
IX	HOMES .....	130
X	A TRIP ABROAD.....	132
XI	ANOTHER TRIP ABROAD.....	144
XII	MORE PARTICULARLY TO MY GRAND- CHILDREN .....	156



## APPENDICES

---

- 1 LETTER, NOVEMBER 12, 1864 [SEE PP. 7, 13]  
WILLIAM R. STEWART TO DEAR WIFE & CHILDREN ..... 167
- 2 LETTER, JULY 1, 1865 [SEE PP. 9, 24]  
WM. R. STEWART TO DEAR SON..... 169
- 3 LETTER, FEBRUARY 11, 1866 [SEE P. 9]  
W. R. STEWART TO DEAR DAUGHTER (LYDIA A. STEWART) ..... 171
- 4 LETTER, OCTOBER 6, 1886 [SEE P. 10]  
ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL M. W. WOLK-  
NEAR TO MR. LEMUEL H. STEWART..... 173
- 5 LETTER, JANUARY 13, 1865 [SEE PP. 10, 20, 27]  
L. H. STEWART TO MY DEAR FRIEND BROWN.. 174
- 6 LETTER, OCTOBER 5, 1864 [SEE PP. 19, 27]  
LEMUEL H. STEWART TO DEAR MOTHER..... 176
- 7 ARTICLE, JULY 25, 1885, FROM CLEVELAND *Leader*  
[SEE PP. 45, 71]  
CHAPLAIN L. H. STEWART, G. A. R. REUNION 177
- 8 ARTICLE, FEBRUARY 1890, FROM *The Steubenville Gazette* [See p. 64]  
PORTION OF REPORT OF "SOCIAL PURITY  
LEAGUE" ON MOTION OF REV. L. H. STEW-  
ART ..... 179
- 9 LETTER (UNDATED) [SEE P. 80]  
N. (NINIAN) WALKER TO PERRY WALKER OR  
KATHERINE WALKER ..... 181

10	LETTER, SEPTEMBER 11, 1861 [SEE PP. 82, 91] T. WALKER TO DEAR PARENT.....	183
11	LETTER, OCTOBER 6, 1873 [SEE P. 83] JAMES McFADDEN TO MR. O. P. WALKER....	185
12	LETTER (UNDATED) [SEE P. 84] THOS. McFADDEN, JR. TO MR. O. P. WALKER	187
13	LETTER, AUGUST 29, 1858 [SEE P. 85] RUTH BURGESS TO DEAR BROTHER & SISTER..	188
14	LETTER, JULY 27, 1861 [SEE P. 85] RUTH BURGESS TO DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER...	190
15	LETTER, DECEMBER 30, 1861 [SEE P. 86] RUTH BURGESS TO DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER	191
16	POEM BY GRANDMOTHER WALKER [SEE P. 86] "IDA'S SPIRIT WHISPERS".....	193
17	POEM BY GRANDMOTHER WALKER [SEE P. 86] IN MEMORY OF HER DAUGHTER IDA.....	194
18	LETTER, SEPTEMBER 12, 1865 [SEE P. 91] BROTHER THOMAS WALKER TO DEAR SISTER CURLEY HEADED ADA.....	195
19	LETTER, SEPTEMBER 12, 1865 [SEE P. 91] BROTHER THOMAS WALKER TO DEAR SISTER IDA	196
20	CHURCHES AND DISTRICTS SERVED BY REV. LEMUEL H. STEWART.....	197
21	CHART OF STEWART AND ALLIED FAMILIES [SEE P. 4].....	Attached



## FAMILY PORTRAITS

---

REV. LEMUEL HARVEY STEWART, D.D. [MY FATHER]	
AGE ABOUT 45 YEARS.....	FRONTISPIECE
	<i>(To face page)</i>
WILLIAM ROSS STEWART [MY GRANDFATHER]	
AGE ABOUT 46 YEARS.....	8
LEMUEL HARVEY STEWART	
AGE ABOUT 15 YEARS.....	12
LEMUEL HARVEY STEWART	
AGE ABOUT 17 YEARS.....	24
WEDDING PICTURE OF LEMUEL HARVEY STEWART AND ADA E. WALKER [MY PARENTS].....	28
ADA E. (WALKER) STEWART [MY MOTHER]	
AGE ABOUT 28 YEARS.....	80
TABITHA DORCAS (BURGESS) WALKER [MY GRAND- MOTHER] (MRS. OLIVER PERRY WALKER).....	92
BENJAMIN MARTIN SHARPE [MY WIFE'S GRAND- FATHER] .....	96
NANCY DAVIS (McCracken) SHARPE [MY WIFE'S GRANDMOTHER] (MRS. BENJAMIN MARTIN SHARPE)	100
SARAH JANE McCRACKEN [MY WIFE'S GREAT GRAND- MOTHER] (MOTHER OF MRS. BENJAMIN MARTIN SHARPE) .....	100





## I THE STEWART AND SIMMONS FAMILIES

(SCOTCH AND ENGLISH)

### THE STEWARTS

WHILE there are many books on the “Stewarts,” I do not know the history of our branch.

I surmise that our Stewarts came from the Highlands of Scotland,—possibly from the shire or county of Ross in the northwest part of Scotland. That section was occupied by a rather warlike people under the control of the Count of Ross, the Bishop of Ross and sometimes by the “Lords of the Isles.” They seem to have been a rather turbulent clan, which was in keeping with the unsettled condition of that country. After many years of turmoil, the people of Ross finally acknowledged the Scottish Government. The history of the fight between the people of that shire and the Kings at Holyrood is very interesting. My father has told me that his people of later generations belonged to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland and that on account of the religious disturbances there, they had gone south and settled in Monmouthshire, England, from whence they migrated to this country in 1803.

When my sons were small, one of them at the dinner table, where our family settled many questions, said “Dad, is it true our family is related to some old Kings of England,—the Stuarts?” I replied: “No, but it



would not be much credit if it were true.” Leaning back and putting the thumb of his right hand in the pit of his arm, he then remarked: “Well, if they came over here and saw us they would find we were pretty good people.”

The James Stewarts of our family are not to be included amongst those who have tried to find at least a trace of royal blood in their veins by reason of similarity of name,—Steuarths, Stuarts, Stewards and Stewarts—with the romantic Mary, Queen of the Scots, Charles I and II, James I and II and bonnie Prince Charles as well.

If my father’s information be true, those Stewarts whose ancestors were Presbyterians in Scotland and who certainly were poor people as well, found it advisable to leave their later home in England and go where their Protestantism would not be held against them and where Dame Fortune might smile a little brighter.

Down to that time, 1803, England for the most part was an agricultural nation. The country squires owned large tracts of land which were cultivated by farmers. On these estates men became craftsmen in all fields, and were proud of their position. Generally the squires found it to their advantage to take good care of their employees.

When coal began to make steam, and the cotton and steel industry arrived in England, there was a shift of these laborers from the farms to industry. This caused a great change in the whole economy of England and probably accelerated the emigration of the poor people of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland to the young and promising United States.

When my forebears came to this country, the American Revolution was over, the young United States established, the influence of the French Revolution was passing, and doubtless many already here had sent back to England good reports of this new country,—all of which helped to make America seem more attractive than England.

It is now impossible to learn the true reason for the migration of my ancestors from both Scotland to Monmouthshire, England, and from there to the United States.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE STEWARTS SAIL TO THE UNITED STATES

For some reason now known only to themselves, one James Stewart and his family in about 1803 left his home in Monmouthshire and with his wife and numerous children set sail for America.

There is a story in our family that while enroute from England to America, one of the eleven children died at sea, and on arrival another was lost in the City of New York. Whatever became of that unfortunate little stray is not known.

I have often wondered what those poor immigrants thought when they waved the last farewell to their friends; when it took them so long to cross the ocean; when they saw bustling New York City; grieved over

---

<sup>1</sup> Those who have been through that part of England will remember the beautiful Wye River valley. Hawthorne has sung its praises. The diarist, John Evelyn, passing through that country August 1, 1654, says, Volume II, pg. 293, after mentioning Monmouth: "We could discern Tewksbury, King's Road towards Bristol; so as I esteem it one of the goodliest vistas in England." A strong castle had been built there once to protect the English from the ferocious little Welshman.



the loss of children, and plodded over the poor backwoods road to Ohio. The only positive information of the travels of any of the family of that immigrant is that one of his sons, a James Stewart, settled in Amsterdam, Jefferson County, Ohio, at the borderline between that county and Carroll County. There the nine children of the younger James Stewart grew up.

It is not my purpose to emulate the author of *Genesis* and take the reader through a long series of genealogical begats. Therefore, I shall briefly refer to those who are my direct ancestors, and later refer to my mother's ancestors, with some comment upon collateral relatives of each. The chart (Appendix 21) which I have prepared from such information as is available, will furnish more details of the families.

My great-grandfather, James Stewart, was a wheelwright and lived and died at New Amsterdam, but I do not know the date of his birth or death. He was buried at New Amsterdam. He first married Sarah Jane Foster. Of that marriage there were nine children, of which my grandfather, William Ross Stewart, was the seventh. He was born November 18, 1820.

My grandfather, William Ross Stewart, married Elizabeth Simmons January 6, 1842. Later they moved to Bloomfield, Ohio; then to New Rumley, Ohio, living there until the fall of 1864 when they moved to Kilgore, Carroll County, Ohio. William Ross was known as "Ross Stewart." He died August 2, 1866 at Pine Bluff, Callaway County, Kentucky.

My father, Lemuel Harvey Stewart, was the fifth child of William Ross and Elizabeth Simmons Stewart. He was born July 22, 1848 at Bloomfield, Ohio and died

February 1, 1910 at Urichsville, Ohio. He was buried in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio.

### THE SIMMONS FAMILY

ON THE maternal side of my father's ancestors he is descended from the line of Jacob Simmons who with his wife, Katherine, came from England, settling at Hagerstown, Maryland. Jacob died there about 1800. They had eight children. Four of their sons served in the War of 1812.

Two of the sons, Daniel and Adam, came to Kilgore in 1809, bringing with them their sister, Katherine, then twelve years of age. Jacob's first wife was Katherine (Christina) Burgett. She died November 25, 1821. They had one child, Mahala. For his second wife, Jacob married Elizabeth Mull Barnhouse, born April 1, 1798 and who lived until November 10, 1881. Of that union there were five children, of which Elizabeth, my grandmother, commonly called "Betsy," born February 12, 1825 and who died on her birthday, at seventy-four years of age, was the eldest. At seventeen years of age she married William R. Stewart, January 6, 1842.



---

---

## II STEWARTS IN THE CIVIL WAR

### WILLIAM ROSS STEWART

EVIDENTLY my grandfather's family were poor in this world's goods. "Ross" Stewart could not have been of the greatest financial assistance to his own family at home because on December 7, 1861, at the age of forty-three, he enlisted as a private soldier in Company G, 43rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry.<sup>2</sup> The 43rd Regiment and my father's 74th Ohio Volunteer Infantry regiment, which I shall later mention, each formed a part of the famous Sherman army, which it may be of interest to now mention.

I have not examined the history of the 43rd prior to the beginning of the Atlanta campaign in the spring of 1864 but have confined my examination to that portion of it in which both my grandfather's 43rd Regiment and my father's 74th were engaged.

The 43rd Regiment was a part of the 17th Army Corps,—at that time known as the Army of the Tennessee. The 74th Regiment was a part of the 14th Army Corps and known as the Army of the Cumberland. Both of those armies were under the command of Major General William Tecumseh Sherman. General Sherman in his

---

<sup>2</sup> His army discharge record gives that age but it conflicts with the date of his birth given to me. Also in other records his middle initial is given as "S" but that is incorrect.



*Memoirs*, Volume II, says of the Army of the Tennessee when it was under the command of Major General George H. Thomas:

General Thomas' army was much the largest of the three, was best provided, and contained the best corps of engineers, railroad managers and repair parties as well as the best body of spies and provost marshals.

It will be recalled that Sherman's campaign for cutting the South in two began at Chattanooga, Tennessee, some one hundred and thirty miles from Atlanta. An important railroad connected those two points. It was therefore necessary for Sherman to have his army of about 100,000 men, up and down that railroad, as well as a sufficient force to be able to take Atlanta.

My information concerning my grandfather's part in that campaign is confined to three letters. The first (Appendix 1) is dated November 12, 1864 and was written by him in camp near Marietta, Georgia. His comments about the objective of the campaign are in sharp contrast to the secrecy imposed during both World Wars I and II respecting military objectives. For my purposes, however, the more interesting feature is his kindly reference to his family,—sending home some eighty dollars with the statement—"I have full confidence in your judgment in laying it out properly." His admonition to his children "to be kind to each other and to you (his wife)" displayed a father's tender feeling. He had the sentiments common to every soldier: "I would rejoice to see this dreadful war at an end." And the couplet at the end of that letter: "Remember me when far away and don't forget for me to pray."

Following the date of that letter, Sherman's army, known as Sherman's "Bummers," cut communication with the North and started East on its long march to the sea. It arrived at Savannah, Georgia, in December, 1864.

Grandfather's discharge certificate recorded in Volume I, page 86 of "Soldiers Record of Discharge, Carroll County, Ohio" shows that he was honorably discharged at a point near Savannah, December 26, 1864, after having completed his full three years service. I assume he must have left his regiment at about that time because he arrived at his home in Kilgore, Ohio, January 8, 1865.

Since he was discharged December 26, 1864, he did not take part in Sherman's campaign up through the Carolinas to Virginia, and I believe he was not at the Grand Review of the armies in May, 1865.

His discharge record gives a description of him which fairly accords with my father's own description and with a tintype which we have.

That record shows that he was then forty-six years of age (an old age for a soldier); that he was five feet seven inches "high," black hair, black eyes, and his occupation, a farmer. He must have been physically able in order to march from Chattanooga by way of Atlanta, to Savannah, Georgia.

Naming him as a farmer did not mean that he owned a farm because he did not. He was poor, pious, and patriotic. He seemed to have had more of patriotism and children than finances and property.

A tintype shows him with plenty of black hair, heavy beard and wearing a tunic. Another was taken with a hat which later, when my grandmother wanted it enlarged, was removed by the photographer at her request.



WILLIAM ROSS STEWART  
AGE ABOUT 46 YEARS





I have my grandfather's New Testament, on the fly-leaf of which is written "W. R. Stewart carried this Testament through rebellion of the Sixties."

There are two other letters, July 1, 1865 and February 11, 1866 (Appendices 2 and 3) written by him, the first of which makes some interesting comments to my father on the family situation. His prescription mentioned in Appendix 2 for the stomach and liver, shows the elementary method of treating diseases. His reference to two of my father's sisters,—one working for a preacher and the other for her Grandfather Simmons, is interesting. The investment of my father's money, which I shall later mention, also is interesting.

Some time after this letter was written, he went to Pine Bluff, Calloway County, Kentucky. Evidently he had been afflicted with a cough,—possibly asthma,—and thought he would find relief in a warmer climate. Therefore we find him writing, February 11, 1866, from Pine Bluff, Calloway County, Kentucky, describing his situation and inviting my father to join him there. Father did not do so.

My grandfather died at that place August 2, 1866 and I believe was buried there.

The youngest son of my son, James, is named "William Ross Stewart."

### LEMUEL HARVEY STEWART

MY FATHER, Lemuel Harvey Stewart, son of William Ross Stewart, was born July 22, 1848 at Bloomfield, Harrison County, Ohio. His ancestors, the Stewarts and the Simmons, were for the most part laborers and small farmers. My father's people began as poor people, they

remained poor people, but they were good people. Of all this group of Stewarts and Simmons, my father alone attained stature. Evidently his father found that nine children were too many to support in his little home at Bloomfield and accordingly father went to live with a farmer, a Mr. Mull, nearby, who gave him food and clothing for his services and permitted him to attend the country school. Father became much interested in the Civil War, and, quite naturally so, for his father, three uncles and other relatives had gone off to war.

#### AWAY TO WAR

WHEN fifteen years and seven months of age, he ran away to war, going from Scio to Camp Chase at Columbus. He there enlisted on February 16, 1864 in Company G, 74th Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

It must have been a peculiar sight to see a boy in his early teens take his place with two uncles and a cousin in the same company, all bound for the fortunes of war.

Published rosters of soldiers give his name as Samuel M. Stewart, age 20, and his enlistment as in 1864 without the day and month. His discharge certificate says he enlisted February 13, 1863 but the correct date is February 16, 1864.<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>3</sup> There is another quirk in the record. Notwithstanding he received his certificate of honorable discharge, he learned in about 1886 that he had been charged with desertion on April 15, 1865. I have the original letter dated October 6, 1886 (Appendix 4) to father from the War Department, stating that that charge was an error. Evidently it arose in this fashion: Upon returning from Andersonville Prison, it took him, according to his letter (Appendix 5), a long time to recuperate, and

*(Continued on page 11)*



We have a daguerreotype of father taken at about the time he entered the service. It shows a good face with rather plump features, black hair and black eyes.

Father had two uncles in his company,—Lemuel and Joshua Simmons. Lemuel died June 25, 1865. The Ohio roster of Civil War soldiers says: “Died of starvation in hospital, Louisville, Kentucky, June 25, 1865; Buried Section 6, Row 3, Grave 141, Cave Hill Cemetery.” In addition, his uncle, John F. Stewart, the next older brother of his father, died July 30, 1864 in Andersonville Prison. He had enlisted September 3, 1863 in Company K, 2nd O.V.I.

After training at Camp Chase, father’s 74th Regiment was sent by way of Cincinnati to join the Army of the Cumberland which then was being fashioned for the Atlanta campaign under General William T. Sherman. He was in Chattanooga for some time before the Atlanta campaign began.

General Sherman says, Volume II, page 15 of his *Memoirs*, that he had a “compact army for active operations in Georgia, of about the following numbers: Army of the Cumberland, 50,000 men; Army of the Tennessee, 35,000 men; and Army of the Ohio, 15,000 men,—total, 100,000 men.”

From *Sherman’s Memoirs* it would appear that of all the Federal armies, his had the least comfort, endured

---

(Continued from page 10)

I presume he did not report promptly to his regiment. He received his honorable discharge certificate which is dated July 10, 1865. His regiment was mustered out July 19, 1865 at Camp Denison, Ohio, but the records referred to the discharge at Louisville, Kentucky, July 10, 1865, where he was with his regiment.

the greatest privations but probably had the best health, due to their rugged field operations. Sherman did not allow even himself the luxury of a closed tent but used a fly-wall tent without poles. Each regiment had one wagon and one ambulance, and each officer, one horse.

It is inappropriate here to describe the Atlanta campaign other than to say that after the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, General Johnston's army had moved south to Dalton, Georgia where he expected to fight it out with Sherman. But Sherman, adopting numerous flanking movements, outflanked him, and Johnston then fell back to Resaca.

My father's regiment fought in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Stone River, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, and others, including that of Atlanta, and marched on through Georgia to the sea and thence to Washington. But father, having enlisted in February, 1864, took part only in the engagements at Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Dallas and Kenesaw Mountain. He told me that at one of those battles he saw Generals Sherman, Thomas, Hooker and others whose names I do not recall. They passed by his company.

Father's part in this campaign covered that section of it from May 9, 1864 to August 12, 1864 when he was captured at Calhoun, Georgia. I recall distinctly his graphic description of the battles of Buzzard's Roost and of Resaca. Fortunately for him he was not wounded although those were bloody engagements. However, a bullet would have caused him serious injury but for the fact that it had struck his belt buckle and was deflected away.





LEMUEL HARVEY STEWART  
AGE ABOUT 15 YEARS



After the battle of Resaca his regiment moved southerly as far as Calhoun, which is just below Resaca. Other parts of Sherman's army, including my grandfather's corps, the 17th, had moved on further south towards Atlanta. Grandfather in his letter (Appendix 1) says:

I have not saw nor heard from the 74th since I wrote.

### CAPTURED

AFTER these battles father's regiment was stationed close to Calhoun where he was captured. The circumstances of his capture were substantially these: His company was sent out under an inexperienced officer to bring some cattle into camp. While they were gone there suddenly appeared in front of them some Confederate cavalymen which first they repulsed, but no sooner had this been done than another force of cavalry attacked them on the other side. In repulsing them the Union soldiers got between these two forces. They were along the side of a small stream which some of the older men of the company told their officer would make a good defense if they were permitted to go down under the cover of the bank. It appears the officer was quite excited and suddenly waved the white flag and surrendered his whole company and the cattle to General Joseph H. Wheeler's cavalry.

*Sherman's Memoirs* tells a good deal of Wheeler's operations. General Wheeler was very active in destroying the railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta, and harassing the Union Army. Father's regiment was engaged in protecting the supplies from the North to Sherman's army,—most of which was south of that point.

A description of these attacks is found on a number of



pages in the second volume of *Sherman's Memoirs*. On page 103 he says (referring to the protection of certain sections of the railroad):

Luckily I learned just then (Note: August 13, 1864, the day after my father was captured) that the enemy's cavalry, under General Wheeler, had made a wide circle around our left flank and had actually reached our railroad station at Tilton Station, above Resaca, captured a drove of one thousand of our beef cattle and was strong enough to appear before Dalton and demand of its Commander, Col. Raum, the surrender of the place.<sup>4</sup>

These battles from Chattanooga to Atlanta were bloody affairs. Sherman says his losses from May to September, 1864 were: "Killed, 4,423; wounded, 22,822; missing, 4,442." Of that total some 6,275 of killed, wounded and missing were of my father's 14th Corps. That made a loss of about 12%. Losses in the 17th, my grandfather's corps, also were heavy.

Sherman says Wheeler's men could move a hundred miles a day while his only ten. Evidently they were rapid riders, as was demonstrated by the fact that when this capture took place, Wheeler's cavalry moved rapidly southeast, away from Sherman's forces, and sent my father with the other captured Federal prisoners, to

---

<sup>4</sup> I had the unique experience during the first World War, of meeting Major General Joseph Wheeler. He came to the office of Hoyt, Dustin & Kelley to see whether or not Mr. James H. Hoyt, head of our firm, would take up the promotion of the invention of what later proved to be the McLean repeating firearm. I mentioned to him the circumstances of his troops capturing my father, with others, and he replied: "Yes, my troops captured a good many Northern soldiers." General Wheeler was a very slight, spry man. He was greatly respected in this country when he wholeheartedly entered the service in World War I.

Andersonville Prison, about thirty-five miles southeast of Atlanta, Georgia.

Father told me that while marching towards Andersonville, one of Wheeler's cavalymen, whose name as I recall was Talliaferro, took pity on him because he was the youngest in the company and of very slight build, and permitted him to ride on his horse back of the cavalryman. Also he gave father some Confederate money, \$10.00, thinking that might help him when he got to prison.

#### ANDERSONVILLE AND LIBBY PRISONS

UPON entering Andersonville Prison he was terribly shocked. It was located out in the woods and was constructed of two wooden stockades made up of pine logs about thirty feet high. At intervals on the inner stockade were posts where the guards stood with loaded rifles. For a distance of about fifteen feet from the inner stockade there was a forbidden zone which was indicated by a wood railing several feet high all around the inside of the prison. Guards were instructed to and did shoot prisoners who reached just over that railing for a small bit of wood or, at one spot, for fresh water, or even leaned up against the railing. Father told me of seeing such a case as the latter. He further said that some prisoners became despondent and deliberately found death there. At each corner of the stockade there were cannon loaded with canister to quell any prison riot.

The prison was opened in the early part of 1864 and was intended to accommodate 10,000 prisoners. However, there was a maximum of about 34,000 in it in August of 1864 when my father entered. During that month out



of 34,000 men the records show 2993 died (almost 10% of the prisoners); out of a total of 52,000 prisoners who entered Andersonville, 13,000 or 25% of them died.

In addition to the deaths in the prison due to lack of food and its unwholesomeness, lack of what we call vitamins, the absence of shelter, sanitary provisions, safe water and the like, a very much larger percentage of the men who actually came out of it were stricken with some sort of disease. Scurvy and tuberculosis claimed many victims.

Something might be said by way of excuse for those suffering because of the lack of supplies in the South, including salt and fresh vegetables, but surely nothing could be said for the intentional brutality inflicted upon the prisoners. That condition was so universally known and so easily proven that shortly after the close of the war the commandant of the prison, a Captain Wirz, was tried in Washington, found guilty and executed.

It should be noted here that even amongst the prisoners there were many crimes,—robbery, murder and the like,—committed by them upon their fellows. The prisoners erected a scaffold inside the prison where they conducted their own court, and, as I have heard my father say, condemned and hung some of their own number for such high crimes.

When father first arrived at the prison he appeared for mess call, which consisted of beans with some pork in it,—all contained in a large barrel. He had no dish into which this food could be placed, and not knowing what to do was instructed by a fellow prisoner to use his cap, which he did. He found the beans unwholesome and did not eat them but threw them away. When asked

where he had put them, the inquiring prisoner rushed to gather them up and eat them.

He was told by the other prisoners that being young his stomach would readily shrink to accommodate itself to that kind of food. He said all the time he was there he could feel the shrinking process going on.

There were frequent attempts to escape,—some by digging tunnels from within the prison beyond the stockade outside. That was not very successful because the earth had to be disposed of on the inside and it was frequently discovered. On the outside, guards with bloodhounds patrolled the ground and many prisoners were captured.

My father undertook to escape but was unsuccessful. There were woods not far away to which some of the prisoners were taken from time to time to get a little wood with which to make a fire. They were taken out under guard. On one such occasion father went with a few prisoners and, walking further into the denser part of the woods, undertook to escape. He slipped away from the guards and believed he was on the road to freedom, but shortly he heard the baying of the bloodhounds which always accompanied these small parties of guards and prisoners, and made a dash for a negro's cabin where he hid under the bed. The dogs traced him there and when an officer came to the door and demanded that the "damned Yank" be brought out forthwith, it was easy to recapture him.

From the beginning of this prison it was manifest that except for a sluggish little stream flowing through one part of it, the sanitary conditions would be bad for even a small number of prisoners. But due to the increasing population they became even worse. This little stream



which at one part of the prison had widened out, was particularly foul, being used as the prisoners' sink, and caused untold contagious sickness. One night after some heavy rains, a spring of fresh water broke out on the bank inside the prison just above this swamp. There was a flood from the headwaters of the stream which washed away some of the stockade. Guards were rushed to that place to prevent the prisoners from escaping. The spring was called "Providence Spring" and thereafter continued as a source of really fresh water for the relief of the prisoners.

Of course there were occasionally some humorous things. Father told me that when fresh prisoners were brought in one day they told the other prisoners that Sherman was headed south towards Atlanta. The prisoners were anxious about the result. One night when the Confederate guards on the wall of the stockade were being changed, one of them called out into the night: "Two o'clock and all is well but Atlanta has gone to Hell." He said there was great shouting over the prison. Another incident was when a Confederate officer came into the prison camp dressed in a long military coat resplendent with a lot of brass buttons. He was bargaining for souvenirs and particularly desired the "New York State" buttons from the soldiers. He had some on the tail of his long coat. The prisoners gathered closely around him and quietly cut them off from the rear while he bought others in front.

Father had a lecture about Andersonville and the Libby prison at Florence, South Carolina, which always gave me a spine-tingling sensation. It was quite descriptive of



the pathetic suffering of those prisoners but as well had some very humorous things in it.

There are many books, although out of print, on Andersonville and Florence prisons, describing their horror. I have an old woodcut giving a fair picture of the prison conforming to the description as I have heard it from my father.

### PAROLED

ABOUT the first of October, 1864 (which date I gather from a letter dated October 5, 1864 (Appendix 6), which he sent home asking for food but which apparently is not in his own handwriting), he was told at Andersonville Prison that if he would appear at a certain gate at the prison the next morning, he would be paroled.

It was the custom of the officers in command at Andersonville to exchange the weaker of their prisoners for the better fed and clothed Confederate prisoners held in the North, and accordingly, when the prison camp became too full, those officers would come around and indicate the prisoners who were to be exchanged. Father was one of the seriously ill and could scarcely walk. But being told by the officer to appear at that gate the next morning, he stayed up on his feet nearly all night, fearing that if he lay down he could not get up. He was at the gate at the appointed time and was then taken by railroad train to Libby Prison at Florence, South Carolina, instead of being paroled, from which he sent the above lastmentioned letter and where he stayed until he was finally paroled December 6, 1864. He was in Libby Prison for about two months. A fellow-prisoner at Andersonville, William S.

Brown (see Appendix 5) was transferred from Andersonville to Libby Prison with father and expected to be paroled from Libby Prison at the same time with father, but as shown in that letter they were separated.

Father with other prisoners was put aboard freight cars at Libby Prison about December 6, 1864 and taken to Charleston, South Carolina, where, being weak and emaciated, he was literally picked up from the car by a sailor from a United States ship, tenderly carried aboard and laid down on the deck of the steamer which in about ten days carried him to Annapolis, Maryland where he was seriously ill from pneumonia. He remained there until January 1, 1865.

#### ARRIVAL AT HOME

FORTUNATELY we have a letter showing father's movements from December 6, 1864. It is dated the 13th of January, A. D. 1865 and is addressed to his soldier friend, Brown (Appendix 5). I cannot account for that letter being in father's possession. It may have been written to Brown and returned for non-delivery or it may be that Brown accepted father's invitation and visited him in the fall of 1865 at Kilgore, carrying the letter with him. From father's letter it will be noted that upon arrival at Annapolis he had pneumonia for two weeks. He arrived at Kilgore on the 4th of January, 1865. I have heard him say that was a very difficult trip and that on several occasions he did not think he would be able to continue, but I presume a longing for home gave him the necessary strength.



When father arrived at Scio station he was met there by a neighbor, Mr. Scott, who took him by sled a distance of seven miles to his home. The description of that happy reunion can best be read from the letter to Mr. Brown, but my Aunt Sarah Jane, father's sister, also graphically described to me that homecoming. Four days after father's arrival, January 8, 1865, his father also arrived home. Neither knew anything about the whereabouts of the other until they actually met at home.

The description by my aunt, Sarah Jane Stenger, was very interesting. She said that she, her mother and her sisters were at home on January 4th. They had been talking about their father and brother that very evening when their mother said she believed these soldiers would be home shortly. Presently, while talking about them, steps were heard on their front porch. The mother said: "That is Harvey coming," and so it proved to be. She then said she believed her husband would be home soon. Four days later he arrived and there was quite a reunion.

My father then weighed about ninety pounds and it took him a number of months to recover his health. The letter to Brown comments upon his slow recovery. My grandfather did not know of my father's capture. When grandfather was discharged at Savannah, Georgia, December 26, 1864, my father had passed through Charleston a few days previous on his way to Annapolis. The coincidence of time of my grandfather's discharge with my father's parole and transfer to Annapolis, and of the relative short distance between Florence, S. C. and Savannah, Georgia where my grandfather was paroled, leads one to wonder whether they may have passed each other as "ships in the night."

My grandfather would have had to start for home at about that time, probably by sea, because the Confederates still held the Carolinas and Virginia. I never heard the route which he took to reach home.

Upon father's return to his home he was given good care and recovered a considerable measure of health.

### THE GRAND REVIEW

HE WENT to Washington to attend the Grand Review of Sherman's army (called the Western Army) at Washington May 24, 1865. I have heard him say that while he was there he was too weak to march with his company and was permitted to ride a mule during the review of this 14th Army Corps, which passed along Pennsylvania Avenue and then before President Johnson and Generals Grant and Sherman in the reviewing stand in front of the White House. General Sherman himself led his own army.

I have heard my father tell a story which, of course, he did not hear directly, that a certain general of a foreign army attached to the Federal Army, said, when Grant's army (the Eastern Army) was reviewed on May 23, 1865, that it was the most magnificent army he had ever seen and could whip any European army,—but when Sherman's army, bronzed by the wind, fresh from the Atlanta-to-the-Sea campaign and thence north through the Carolinas and Virginia, came swinging along with their strident step of victory, and disclosed the physical perfection of men enured to long campaigning, he said: "Sir, that army can whip all Hell."

The hardships and the training of that army, while well described in Sherman's own memoirs, are probably



better described by B. H. Liddell Hart, the English war writer, in his *Sherman, Soldier—Realist—American*, page 331 (1929):

The army which marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the Atlantic was probably the finest army of military 'workmen' the modern world has seen. An army of individuals trained in the school of experience to look after their own food and health, to march far and fast with the least fatigue, to fight with the least exposure; above all, to act swiftly and to work thoroughly. Each individual fitted into his place in a little group which, messing, marching and fighting together, by its instinctive yet intelligent teamship reduced alike the risks and the toil of the campaign. The sum of these teams formed an army of athletes stripped of all impediments, whether weight of kit or weaklings, and impelled by a sublime faith in their captain, 'Uncle Billy,' a faith which found vent in such slogans as 'There goes the old man. All's right.'

That march was severely criticized by the South. Hart quotes (page 333) a part of Sherman's order on the subject of foraging:

'As for horses, mules, wagons, etc., belonging to the inhabitants, the cavalry and artillery may appropriate freely and without limit, discriminating, however, between the rich, who are usually hostile, and the poor or industrious, usually neutral or friendly.' A Robin Hood touch!

As Hart says, (page 334), where men are trained to forage without limit, "the distinction between forage and pillage is easily obscured."

Of the Grand Review of Sherman's army at Washington, after Grant's armies had marched in review the previous day, Hart says:



Sherman caught up the suggestion (that his men should not compete with Grant's well-equipped men but should march as they did through Georgia) and next morning as the people of Washington watched the Grand Army of the West defile before their eyes they saw no glittering pageant, but instead an exhibition of virility. With uniforms travel-stained and patched, colours tattered and bullet-riven, brigade after brigade passed with the elastic spring and freely swinging stride of athletes, each followed by its famous 'bummers' on laden mules ridden with rope bridles. The most practically trained, physically fittest and most actively intelligent army that the world had seen.

After the Grand Review, father went with his 14th Army Corps by train to Parkersburg, West Virginia and thence by boat on the Ohio River to Louisville, Kentucky, where he received his discharge papers July 10, 1865. But as previously stated, he remained with his regiment until July 19, 1865 when it was disbanded at Camp Denison, Ohio. On the reverse side of his discharge certificate there are these figures: "\$476.65." I presume that was the amount owing to him and probably he sent it home to his father to invest, as indicated in his father's letter July 1, 1865 (Appendix 2).



LEMUEL HARVEY STEWART  
AGE ABOUT 17 YEARS



---

### III FROM SOLDIER TO MINISTER

AFTER ending his army experience and recovering his health, father engaged in such village activities as there were,—working for the farmers, training horses to drive and to ride, and doing any labor work which came to hand.

The turning point in his career came when he attended a Methodist revival meeting at Kilgore in 1866. He was there converted on February 15.

That term is not well understood by the present generation. Its origin lies in the deeply religious awakening of 200 years ago when two Englishmen, George Whitefield, an alehouse keeper's uneducated son, and John and Charles Wesley, the well educated and talented sons of Samuel Wesley, a rector of the Church of England at Epworth, roused England with the evangelistic cry of Martin Luther: "The just shall live by faith!"

A little more than 100 years earlier, the Pilgrims had sailed from Plymouth to America where they could exercise their views of religious freedom. On the whole, evangelistic religion was making long strides.

Our forebears had a distinct feeling of a change in their religious life. Whitefield says (*John Wesley, the Methodist*) on page 79:

The day-star arose in my heart. I know the place; it may perhaps be superstitious, but whenever I go to Oxford I cannot



help running to the spot where Jesus Christ first revealed himself to me and gave me a new birth.

John Wesley's testimony has been the most widely published. The author of the above book, page 102, says:

About a quarter before nine, while he (the reader) was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. \* \* \* I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart.

It was the sudden change in Wesley's life which gave him his power over those great outdoor audiences, frequently numbering many thousands. Wesley was deeply impressed by the sweet spirit and excellent mental discipline of the Moravians, who he thought were the greatest of the world's missionaries.

After Wesley's conversion, at a meeting in Nettleton Court on the east side of Aldersgate Street in London (a building which I am informed was left untouched by the German bombs), his little "Holy Club" expanded from four heart-searching students until now, in this country alone, there are about eight million members of the Methodist Church, and in the world at large about forty million.

It was the sweep of that feeling of a personal salvation which, spreading to this country, caught so many millions in its flood tide. It reached Kilgore, converted my father, and turned his steps to the Methodist ministry.

I am bound to say that while I have attended many "revival meetings," I never experienced the sensation of conversion. Nevertheless, it appears to me that that spark of religious fire which set the conscience of the

people of England and of the United States ablaze for about 175 years, may once again be required to strike, if this world is to be rescued from the grasp of that materialism which seems to be destroying its spiritual life.

After father's conversion, he decided to go to school. He had had a very, very limited country school education. His letters previous to that time, as shown by those in Appendices 5 and 6, nevertheless indicated good construction, reasonably accurate spelling, and fair penmanship.

He had a very good friend in Mr. Alexander Fawcett, a farmer, who furnished him money to go to Scio College, founded in 1866, which he repaid by working on Mr. Fawcett's farm during the time when college was not in session, and later from his salary.

I do not know how long he was in college, but he did not graduate. In later life, that college gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. I have tried to find records about him as a student, but I am informed they do not exist.

## MY FATHER'S MINISTRY

AFTER attending Scio College, he went to the 1873 session of the Pittsburgh Conference, then held at Salem, Ohio, and on March 13 was appointed as a Supply to the Dawson, Pa. charge, which he served for about one year.

## DAWSON, PENNSYLVANIA

REVEREND W. G. Smeltzer, historian of the Pittsburgh Conference, says Dawson is in the region of the first Methodist work west of the mountains established in the 1770's. At that time the Eastern part of Ohio and



Western Pennsylvania were included in the Pittsburgh Conference. Accordingly, father belonged to it.

He was admitted on trial to that Conference at its annual session held in Blair, Pennsylvania, March 24, 1874. Dr. Smeltzer writes me: "Your father was one of ten men admitted on trial that year in a rather famous class of men." Amongst them were Dr. W. F. Conner, who for many years was chairman of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Naphthali Luccock, later a Bishop. I am informed that the church at Dawson had some 252 full members and 155 probationers. Father received as salary \$623.75. He told me that the late Mr. Henry C. Frick, who was heavily interested in the coal and coke business of that neighborhood, sometimes came to hear him preach, and usually left a generous contribution.

#### THOMSON AND FINDLAY

IN THE Spring of 1874 he was appointed to the Thomson and Findlay chapels at Steubenville, Ohio. He was ordained Deacon in 1876 by Bishop Gilbert Haven and Elder in 1877 by Bishop Matthew Simpson. That Conference was held in the spring of the year.

In those times young men, candidates for the ministry, preached in the neighboring towns, and through such an incident, when father was in school at Scio, he became acquainted with the pretty little girl, Ada E. Walker, who became my mother. She probably was about seventeen years of age and lived in the adjoining town of Mastersville, now Conotten, some five miles from Scio. They were married April 2, 1874, when she was just twelve days short of being eighteen years of age.



LEMUEL HARVEY STEWART AND ADA E. WALKER  
WEDDING PICTURE





We have the usual type of wedding picture showing my father seated and my mother standing beside him. They went to housekeeping in a one-story brick house located in what was then called Stokeley's Grove, in Steubenville, a section of town now included in the property of the Wheeling Steel Corporation. I was born in that house. Later we moved to Fisher's Hill, not far away.

The rule of the Methodist Church, based on John Wesley's policy, known as the "itinerant ministry," required Methodist ministers to move very frequently,—at first every year; later, every two years; then every three years, and finally, until the limitation was taken off about 1900, every five years. Accordingly, father could stay only two years at Thomson and Findlay.

#### UNIONPORT

REMOVING from Steubenville, he was appointed to the church in the village of Unionport, Jefferson County, Ohio, where my brother, Edward James, was born January 25, 1877. I may be pardoned if I state that I have no recollection of Unionport.

#### SENECAVILLE

AT THE end of his term at Unionport, in the fall of 1877, he was appointed to Senecaville, where my sister, Ida May, and brother, Frank Yarnell, were born. He there also served a country charge at Byesville, Ohio.

My most vivid recollection of that town was the day our kitten fell into the cistern and how mother weighted a basket with an iron, and using a long rope, leaned down and rescued poor kitty. I also recall that I would go into

the hay mow and throw down the hay for mother to feed the horse and cow when father was away.

We have some pictures of us children taken at Senecaville. Mine was taken in a blue velvet suit. It made me look more like a promising youth than any picture I ever had taken.

### RICHMOND

WE NEXT moved to Richmond, Ohio, in 1881. This village was honored as the seat of a college founded in 1843. About that time there were quite a good many sectarian colleges, so called, which had been founded in this state. Some have survived,—most have failed.

Of Richmond I have many distinct recollections, too numerous to mention, although a few may be of interest.

I started to school in Richmond in a one-story brick building yet standing. I recall the first day. A terrific storm came up and frightened all of us and my mother as well, who came over to the school just a few rods away and took me home. That brick school house was much safer than the little wooden shack which was called the parsonage.

Some ten years ago, en route from Steubenville, I left the main road and drove to that school building. I sat there in my car, recalling my experiences of decades ago. Presently I noticed two boys approach my automobile. I told them that I had been to that school and wanted to know something about it. But the most I could get out of the boys was their admiration for the fancy-looking automobile,—they cared nothing about my reminiscences. Such is the difference between looking backward and looking forward.



In the present days of ample medical attendants, doctors on telephone call, hospitals, X-rays, nurses, penicillin, streptomycin, and the like, it may be interesting to note that in those days we generally survived without the assistance of such excellent services.

One winter while going behind my mother up over a couch, I stepped on some of her sewing and broke off a needle in my great toe. While it was apparent the needle was in there, there was nothing that could be done to extract it. When I started barefoot the following spring, as was the custom, one of my friends happened to see the end of the blackened needle poking up through the top part of my foot. Much frightened I ran home to my mother, who promptly pulled out the needle and poulticed the foot with fat pork, which was a rather universal cure-all. Not having X-ray pictures and surgeons, the family was saved a large doctor bill.

While on that gruesome topic, may I say that going barefoot had its risks? I bear a scar on my left foot partially across the instep from a cut with glass, which also was treated with fat pork, and which, fortunately, never became sufficiently infected to cause me any real difficulty. Either germs had not then been born or we were a healthy, lucky lot.

An old man named Freeland Torrance lived in Richmond, who, according to rumor, probably was of defective mentality although quite a learned man. He owned a home on the corner of our street and the main street. He had a long, flowing beard and my recollection is he cleaned and dyed clothes for the neighbors. But of more interest to us small youngsters was the fact that he had



some fine plums in his back yard which were a great attraction to our thieving natures. With my brother, Ed, I frequently was chased out of that yard by this gentleman, with his long beard flowing, and his coat flapping, in the breeze. He would register complaint with my father, who took us to the woodshed on several occasions on account of our transgressions.

I recall a Mr. William Culp, a farmer, who was the leader of the church choir. He was a bearded old saint. The church did not have an organ and so Mr. Culp used a tuning fork which he put between his teeth, pulled it out, listened, hummed, struck the tune, and then the affray was on. The only other musical instrument at the church was the church bell, which always rang for services and tolled for funerals. Ours and the neighbor's dogs seemed either pleased or irritated at the ringing because, whenever on Sunday the bell rang, these dogs howled until it stopped.

By the time we reached Richmond, I was able to do chores and take some care of the horses. I was not big enough to milk the cow.

My father had a couple of country circuits,—Mt. Zion and Mt. Tabor,—at which he preached on alternate Sunday afternoons. My friend, Harry J. Crawford's family attended at Mt. Tabor.

Father kept two horses to enable him to visit his parishioners, then called "members." One of them was rather a small animal but very good. It was my chore to take our cow to pasture on the college grounds, and it being easier to ride this little horse only a few rods away than to walk, I often did so. One day I took my younger brother, Ed, and put him on behind me, without a saddle,

of course. The horse objected to carrying double and after going a short distance, threw us both off, striking my brother on the head with a glancing blow of the hoof. A kindly neighbor, a nice old lady, picked him up, brought him home and read the riot act to my father about permitting us boys to ride that "wild horse," with the probability that we would be killed. Father smiled and took it all in good grace, well knowing, of course, that we would do it again.

A close neighbor was a family of Wykoffs,—one of whom became a very successful minister in the East Ohio Conference. His son, Leward C. Wykoff, has been one of my very able partners for quite a number of years.

It was in Richmond that my small sister, Ida, had an experience that indicates the art of smoking by young people is not of recent origin. A neighbor girl initiated my six-year-old sister into the mysteries of smoking dried grape leaves,—a habit which, fortunately, under parental persuasion, she was induced to give up. This same venturesome little neighbor girl taught my sister to use some language which, to say the least, was not expected to emanate from a little girl of the manse. Again, under persuasion, she was induced to discontinue the use of such strong words.

It so happened that the president of Richmond College had either not attained to that dignity in life or to sufficient financial affluence as to restrain him from poaching upon our cow. Every few days she would not give any milk when I brought her home. My father, learning the cause, evidently had some influence upon the gentleman because thereafter our cow gave down her milk for us only.



My earliest recollection of the theater, so called, was a performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin by students of the college. They had a boisterous man with a black snake whip, Eliza without the ice, and big dogs which frightened us youngsters a good deal. I have never wanted to see Uncle Tom's Cabin played since that day.

We lived next door to a very fine young man named Frank Kerr, who then was a clerk in a small store but later became a lawyer and finally the Probate Judge of Jefferson County, and who, by the way, issued my marriage license. I recall distinctly his coming home at noon for his dinner, as it was then called, and while passing our house, telling my father that the newspapers had just arrived saying that President Garfield had been shot.

While living in Richmond, my father had a very serious runaway accident. It seems that horses sometimes are much afraid of animals being slaughtered, and while driving past a neighbor's yard where that was going on, his horse took fright and ran away, inflicting a severe concussion and also bruises upon him.

A city boy in these days misses a great deal when he does not handle horses, cows, pigs and chickens. I think it is true that the accident rate is much higher on the farm than in the city. I can testify to that because when handling our horses, sometimes they were careless enough to tramp on my bare feet,—on one such occasion leaving quite a mark for a long time. If we had greater risks, we also had more varied experiences.

There was great difficulty in travelling the country roads in those days,—particularly in the winter and spring when the clay roads seemed to be without bottom. The currying of the horses after such a trip, and the

cleaning of the buggies and of the harness was no small task for me, but the fact that the job had to be done as a regular chore afforded a fair chance of learning to work.

My younger sister, Lena, the youngest of the five children, was born three weeks before we left Richmond, when my mother was under twenty-eight years of age. Looking back, it seems almost impossible that mother was able to help with the packing, moving and herding us children together for our new appointment at Perry, but she did.

**1522067**

### PERRY

WE ARRIVED at this quiet little village in September, 1884. Our small lares and penates, such as they were, had been put into a boxcar at Irondale,—the larger part of the car being taken up with our horse and buggy.

En route from Richmond to Irondale over the back country roads, the seven of us rode in a small buggy. My brothers and I dangled our feet out of the rear of the buggy, but when we came to hills, of which there were a number, Ed and I walked up them until we got to the top. At Irondale we took the Pennsylvania Railroad via Cleveland, for Perry.

Perry was a new phase in our life, it being inhabited for the most part by people from New England, who we presently learned were called “Yankees.” When we arrived we were quartered in the residences of the Messrs. Charles and John Thompson,—two fine old New Englanders, leading members of the church.

Neither Thompson family had any children and it must have been a difficult thing for them to have several children roaming around over their house. I have heard



my mother in later years remind us that she was very much embarrassed at the table when the salt-rising bread was passed around, because, according to the Thompson custom, those kind folks had cut the slices very thin, which caused us repeatedly to ask for more bread. We were strong for food, in quantity, and not for style.

It was not long before we were installed in the parsonage,—a small house next to the old-style brick church. They are both standing.

Of all the ten places my father and mother lived, they enjoyed Perry the most. The people were very friendly, and also, by the way, we came to like salt-rising bread.

My father's salary at that time was \$900.00 per year but it was supplemented by "donations,"—particularly during the winter. At such time the ladies of the church would learn (which was easy to do if they merely looked and listened) what we needed in the form of clothing, household utensils and food.

At those donations the men would bring in a load of wood for the stoves, hay and corn for the horse and cow, and vegetables for the family. The ladies would furnish clothing and things for the house. These were thoroughly acceptable and helped out in the matter of money as well, although, due to the thrift of my father and mother, they managed to save some of their cash salary.

These donations bring to mind other small additions to a minister's income. The wedding fees in those early days ran usually from fifty cents to two dollars,—the latter probably predominating. Occasionally a five-dollar gold piece was tendered by the groom. These fees found

their way into the minister's wife's purse and helped out very materially a rather meager cash livelihood.

Church services were numerous. We went to Sunday School, church in the morning, services in the afternoon and at night, and prayer meetings on Wednesdays.

I, being the eldest child, was presumed to set some sort of example for my brothers and sisters and the children of the neighborhood,—a policy which I endured but, frankly, never really understood. It never did me any damage.

I well remember attending church, where my mother, seated up forward as was usual with the minister's family, shepherded us five children, including my sister, Lena, a babe in arms, at the Sunday morning services.

When father conducted funerals, if they were not during school days, it was my job to drive his horse at the head of the procession. That was really a favor for frequently he would reminisce about the Civil War or comment upon politics and people, and I therefore received some educational benefit from being his Jehu.

I recall that at a Memorial Day address, the soldiers were firing a cannon. I was thoroughly frightened, but my younger brother, Ed, entered into the spirit of the celebration and kept calling out: "Do it aden—do it aden." That probably indicates the difference between a venturesomeness which he always had, and a more conservative view, to say the least, which afflicted me.

Father's early experience as a boy, working wherever a job could be had, doubtless influenced him in undertaking to keep me busy. One such was for me to keep up the fire in the wintertime in the one-room schoolhouse. As customary, the teacher had pupils from the beginning



up to the last grade,—all housed in one room. That made a good many complications and tried her patience many, many ways. For my work I received fifty cents a week for opening up the room in the morning, building the fire, dusting the desks and closing the room in the afternoon.

I must say, whether supported by records or not, I believe the winter weather in those early mornings was colder than any I have later experienced, and also, that there was more of it. That seems to be a common recollection by older people. By the way, it is a wonder I was not blown to pieces because sometimes surreptitiously I took some coal oil to get my fire started. I was not the best of janitors. Sometimes I was scolded by the teacher for not having the desks dusted, which duty of course came within the service for which I was paid my fifty cents per week.

In the school days about which I am reminiscing, we were brought up on *McGuffey's Readers* (Revised Edition) from the first to the sixth grade. Out of them we were taught more than merely to read. The author had assembled many interesting stories, usually pointing to some moral. The fables, stories, mottoes and the proverbs which McGuffey planted in those stories are not forgotten by those whose duty it was to read the books.

From our present viewpoint, perhaps much of it was overdone, but the net result was that when a pupil had laboriously learned to read some of those stories, he not only had acquired the mechanical means of reading the language but he had absorbed the moral of the lesson as well.

Always in those days, school was opened with reading from the Bible. That was religious training and not sectarian propaganda. It will be recalled that education was first fostered by the churches centuries ago. In my humble opinion, it would be well to restore a study of the Bible in the schools.

Mark Sullivan, in *Our Times*, devotes many pages to the description of the stories in McGuffey's Readers. He says they were "moral, orthodox and religious." I remember the title of one which always afforded us amusement. It was—"Up, Up, Lucy—Go Out to Mary." Somewhat glibly we boys called that the "Double Up Lucy" story.

The story about the "boys who did mischief for fun," about "Laddie," "The Diligent Scholar," "The Truant," "The Peacock," and that masterful "Speech of Logan, the Indian," have not completely vanished from my memory.

Upon "Exercise Day" it was necessary for the pupils to recite some bit of poetry. Some of the boys and girls took it very seriously and did themselves and the others a great favor in reciting from memory, long poems. I now regret to say that my selection was not made solely for beauty of expression but probably because of some mental laziness, for I selected these few lines from Longfellow:

#### THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth I know not where;  
For so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.  
I breathed a song into the air,



It fell to earth I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?  
Long, long afterward in an oak,  
I found the arrow still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

After I had tendered that poem a couple of times, I was ordered to get a new one.

We learned geography by singing about the location of the capitals of the states on various rivers, with a more complicated verse on the boundaries of the country.

About that time, Spencerian penmanship was in its greatest vogue. The penman who turned artist sufficient to draw a picture of a dove, with many intricate scrolls, achieved quite a reputation. Those penmanship products were made by the movement of the forearm and not just by the fingers.

The older boys were required to keep the water bucket in the cloakroom filled with fresh water. We had but one tin or cup and therefore it seems a marvel, in these days of knowledge of germs, that we did not all pass away very promptly.

With a lot of children in a single room, it was necessary to air it out and accordingly the windows would be lifted, during which time, in order that we did not catch cold, we frequently would march around the room singing the multiplication table. Why it was that putting eight times eight in melody, killed the cold germs, I do not know.

For games we had marbles, mumblety-peg, shinny (the predecessor of the highly skilled game of hockey), leap frog, hide and seek, snap the whip, and in the wintertime, fox and geese.

Corporal punishment for misconduct and sometimes for just plain dumbness, was in vogue. It was usually given on the outstretched hand by a ruler firmly grasped by the teacher. But sometimes we were punished by having to sit with the girls in the two-pupil seats.

Since Mark Sullivan has had the audacity to print the following, I feel some support (although not too much) in quoting this couplet:

Oh, for the spank of a vanished hand on the place where the spank ought to be.

In that school especial emphasis was placed on spelling and "mental arithmetic." The spelling bees were the most fun. I acquired some facility in spelling and most usually was amongst the last to be "spelled down." Mental arithmetic was quite a drill and it was very efficient in securing quick mastery of the simpler mathematical problems. That drill in spelling and mental arithmetic has stood me in very good stead during my life.

In describing these incidents, it is my purpose to indicate the state of education through which my father brought his family.

Father believed it advisable to supplement the school-room chore during the school term, with some work during the summertime. He was thrifty but not in any sense penurious. He felt that it was advisable for his children to do chores. Therefore, for a couple of summers he rented some land and planted it to onions. The first summer we had about a half an acre. This land was rented from a man whom we called "Peewee" because of his diminutive size. With his bright red beard and



red hair, he was a marked man, at least to us boys. But his land was productive.

After the seed was sown, it was my job during the spring and summer to take care of the crop, which meant when the plants were young, to thin them out, pulling out enough of the onions to permit others to grow to better size, and to cultivate the ground between the rows of onions. The weeding was done by going up and down these rows, which were about fifteen inches apart, on hands and knees and removing the weeds. For the latter we had a little piece of wood at the end of which was attached a small piece of sheet iron rounded so as to form a hook. During the summer we used a cultivator to stir up the soil.

My brother, Ed, eighteen months my junior, was presumed to work along with me but he never thoroughly enjoyed physical labor. I, being the eldest, had to get the job done, although, frankly, I did not always enjoy it.

When the onions ripened, we pulled them up, topped them, left them on the ground to cure, crated them and then they were ready for sale. The first year father sold the onions for \$60.00. The next season our onion industry was enlarged and we were given three-quarters of an acre to look after,—with the result that we got a little more money. The buyer, a good friend of our family, and probably as a reward for what he thought was a job well done by a couple of small boys, gave us an extra twenty-dollar gold piece. That night in my dreams I saw twenty-dollar gold pieces rolling all over my pillow.

This money, not only under the law but under the practice in our house, belonged to my father, who kept it and later used it as a part of the down payment on



the purchase of a house at Alliance, Ohio our next appointment.

At Perry there was a series of sheds into which the church members would drive their horses to protect them from the elements. The sheds were shingled and made a fine runway for us boys. We treated them as a race course, but a good old gentleman, Mr. Norton, who lived near by, although not a member of our church and having no financial interest in the sheds, but being of a thrifty New England nature, frequently came out and chased us away.

The responsibility of being the eldest child, in my family at least, had some consequences. With my two brothers one day we went across the road to the Haskell home where my brother, Ed, who was somewhat mischievous, spied the grapes then just ripening in the vineyard. He proceeded to fill up on them. I tried to take him away but the best I could do was to take him and my brother, Frank, out through the vineyard, across the road, and by what seemed a long detour, around to the back of our home. My purpose was to keep the boys out of trouble. Mrs. Haskell, a very fine lady who generally had cookies for us and whose grapes it was more than a crime to steal, evidently had reached the limit of her patience and reported this depredation to my father. When we got back to our home, there was my father waiting,—and I, being the eldest and charged with looking after the younger ones, was taken to the woodshed where I received a severe punishment,—not for stealing the grapes but for permitting my brother to do it. Ed also received a tanning but for a more mercenary reason.

After all, while one might question the justice of that indictment and punishment, it probably was a good thing for me.

The Haskells had an adopted son, John Vizzard Haskell. He later entered the ministry under my father's persuasion and served quite faithfully in the East Ohio Conference. He was a fine young man. He taught me a good deal of nature. During his plowing he would turn up Indian arrowheads and other Indian implements and had made quite a collection of them. He taught me a great deal about birds' eggs. My sister, Ida, reminds me that he taught her that "nice little girls don't spit."

Lest some unfortunate inference be drawn from the willingness of my sister, Ida, to adopt the wayward habits of some of her young friends, I think it appropriate to here testify that she successfully survived all of those temptations and has become a fine, gentle character. I am sure that any such slight evidence of early juvenile delinquency has been fully overcome and atoned for by the magnificent service which she has contributed to church and charity.

One Fourth of July, John Vizzard Haskell put on a demonstration using a bottle of powder, to which was attached a long fuse made up of dry grass, and placed it in a gravel pit near to his house. He told me that it was dangerous to be near by and ordered me to go well across the road and back of a fence, which I did. He then set off the fuse. The explosion made a tremendous hole in the pit, scattering small stones in my direction. It so impressed me that in the night I had a nightmare about it and rushed to my father's and mother's bedroom demanding a bottle, some powder, a fuse and a match.



They, not understanding the trouble, thought I had lost my reason.

In our garden we had a couple of bee hives. My sister, Ida, tagging along with us boys, squeezed through a hole in the garden fence near to the bees while hurrying to catch up with me, suddenly was attacked by a bee which stung her on the ear. We kept on going, being relieved of her company.

Father undertook to lift the honey and prepared himself with a mosquito net over his head, with gloves on his hands and a pair of mother's black stockings over his arms. The bees resented the robbery and in some manner a number of them got into his beard and began to work on him. He rushed from the garden and sought refuge under a carpet which was hanging over a rope in tent fashion. I recall distinctly seeing that carpet being beaten out from side to side while he was flaying at the bees with his arms.

During our residence at Perry, father and mother went to Portland, Maine to attend a meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic. There he was elected its Chaplain in Chief,—a very distinguished office.

Upon his return he read a drastic criticism of the G. A. R., the conduct of which possibly was a forerunner to the conduct of some of the American Legion encampments of later years. At all events, the critic of that encampment said it was somewhat of a drunken brawl. My father accepted the challenge and replied to that article by writing to the *Cleveland Leader* under date of July 25, 1885. His article is altogether too long for repetition here but will be found as Appendix 7.



The next year, my mother and my Aunt Virginia Walker, with my father, went to a G. A. R. encampment at San Francisco. Again he was elected Chaplain in Chief. That was a great trip in their experience. They prepared baskets of food for the trip because they were not financially able to buy their meals en route. There was no false pride in either my father or mother. They took things as they came. It seems difficult to understand how they could even lay aside enough money for the railroad fare, but it was accomplished by the resourcefulness and thrift of my mother as well as of my father.

We have a great many badges father wore at the Grand Army encampments which he enjoyed attending.

In those days, Civil War Union soldiers frequently were candidates for office. He knew a great many of them. He attended every inauguration of a President from that of Garfield to McKinley.

When fall came it was the custom to "lay in" supplies of potatoes, squash, beets, apples and other vegetables and fruit. Sometimes they were kept in the cellar; sometimes in a hole dug in the ground, covered with earth and straw. I seem to remember the chore of picking out the rotten apples. There is a lot of truth in the adage that one bad apple can spoil a whole barrel.

Until we went to Alliance we put up our own pork, although we had some experienced farmer smoke the hams. At Perry I helped to cut up the meat and to grind it for sausage. My hands bear a number of substantial scars from awkwardness in handling those knives.

My mother was a very good cook and we fared quite well. By the way, on winter Sunday evenings we had mush and milk, and fried mush and brown sugar on Monday.

In the younger days of my father and mother, the necessities of life came under names different from those of today. Water meant drawing it from a well outside of the house, or, if it were for washing purposes, from a cistern, with the pump usually in the woodshed or kitchen. There was no valve ready at hand to turn on the water. Light meant the filling of lamps with carbon oil, trimming of wicks and polishing up glass chimneys, instead of flicking an electric light switch. Heat meant for the main part of the house filling the grates with soft coal or wood or the big baseburner with anthracite coal, instead of coming from a gas furnace with a temperature regulator. The morning ablutions in the winter time meant sometimes the cracking of ice in the pitcher adjacent to the wash bowl, instead of hot water available at the turn of the faucet. Food meant the less expensive cuts, the local vegetables and plenty of corn meal mush, instead of the year-round fresh vegetables, prime cuts and spinach available today. But all in all, it was a healthy life.

When springtime came, we were given the usual dose of sulphur and molasses and sent out to pick the early "greens."

Hired help in our house was a rarity. We had it sometimes in case of dire necessity. But mother managed the house herself, and as was somewhat the custom in those days, also took part in village affairs,—sometimes singing in the church choir and in the so-called song festivals. Naturally, very little money was spent on fancy clothing.

In a Methodist minister's family the joyful Yuletide was mostly joyful in my early boyhood. There were



presents but of a very modest kind, such as an orange, a book, and some hard candy in the stocking. Oranges were not seen at any other time of the year. A toy for the younger and probably a knife for the older children were almost the extent of the presents. Very likely there was some useful clothing,—not always new but sometimes cut down from those of the older children. But I do remember my great happiness when, at Perry, Santa Claus brought me a pair of cast iron skates which were fastened in the heel of my boot by a small plate in it, into which a little piece of metal on the skates fitted. The skates were strapped to the toe of the boot. My joy, however, was short lived because as I tried them out in a frozen furrow in a field nearby, either my awkwardness or the cold weather was too much for them and one of them snapped in two. There was no replacement.

We had candles for the tree, and fortunately never had a fire. Popcorn was strung on a string for decorations. And, we enjoyed it fully as much as the later generations enjoy their electric lights and mountains of expensive presents.

It was in Perry that I first delivered newspapers. With father's aid and probably largely through his efforts, I got subscriptions for a soldiers' paper called "The Tribune," for which I secured my first watch,—a Waterbury. This watch, claimed to be of German silver, turned out to be covered with mercury, which shortly peeled off. A long white metal chain with a shepherd's crook on the end of it accompanied the watch. Naturally it did not keep good time. On a visit to my Aunt Katherine Borland's farm near Bowerstown the watch was out



of tune with the local time and I was asked by my much older cousin what the trouble was, to which I replied that we lived in another part of the country and this watch reported the time as of that place. He took great exception to this baseless defense of my erring timepiece and tried to show me I was drawing on my imagination or just plain lying; but nevertheless I remained loyal to my watch and its errors, on the ground that the latitude of those locations was different.

In addition to father's services as a minister, he took an active part in many other matters, amongst them being the great temperance rallies then sweeping the country. One was quite successful under the leadership of Mr. Francis Murphy, a one-legged former soldier. These meetings were held one winter in a church in Painesville, which, by the way, still stands at the southwest corner of the main street just before entering Painesville Square.

Father, who was probably the most prominent and the strongest minister in the community, presided at those meetings, which ran for several weeks. Under Mr. Murphy's very persuasive talks, many people took the pledge against drinking. "Touch, taste and handle not" was the prevailing theme. I was about eight or nine years old and probably without much boasting can say I had not acquired any taste for intoxicating liquor. While I do not recall my reason for my act, I presently joined the procession, going to the front of the church, where I received a little white ribbon which was given to me to wear. Whether from stubbornness or respect for my father's position, or other reason, or no reason, it so

happens I have respected that pledge. I do not advocate that process of conviction with respect to liquor, but in my case it worked.

I joined the Methodist Church while we were at Perry. Again I cannot remember any particular conviction in that act but probably thought it was the right thing to do in view of my father's earnest persuasion upon the people generally.

It was a privilege for father to attend the Methodist ministers' meetings in Cleveland. Occasionally he brought me along to the big city. The old Union Station was quite close to Lake Erie in those days. Indeed, the water from the lake seemed sometimes to pile up against it. When the trains entered that station, the two sections of the tremendous doors through which the trains passed were usually closed,—the stationmaster probably thinking that a train, like a horse, might get loose and run away.

Father sometimes left me at Lakeview Park, where there was then a small pond. I believe I never strayed away while he was gone. At other times he would leave me in the Public Square where, fronting our present office building, the Terminal Tower, there was a little pond with a small mechanical steamer on it. I played around that pond about ten years after the time when Mr. Brush first lighted the Public Square with his new arc light.

Once a year we stopped at the old J. L. Hudson store which, as I recall, occupied a part of the present Terminal site fronting on Ontario Street. He bought for us boys blue Treco suits which "wore like iron." One suit was



used during the year it was bought, for Sunday dress, and the next year, for every day. It was quite an art to buy a suit that would last a growing boy for a couple of years and therefore he usually purchased one that was too large the first year and too small the second.

I should not close these rambling comments about Perry without again saying that my parents and we children as well, found it a delightful place. The people were fine, generous and warmhearted.

### ALLIANCE

THUS far my father's ministry had been confined to smaller charges, but at thirty-eight years of age, he had arrived at a prominent place in the church and was promoted to the First Methodist Church at Alliance, Ohio, then located on Main Street. He served it well. There also he took a prominent part not only in his church work but in civic and other affairs. The most important work he undertook aside from serving his church was the chairmanship of the Law and Order League,—an organization formed to drive the saloons out of Alliance. That movement was backed by a couple of very able men,—Mr. T. R. Morgan, Sr., a one-legged Welshman who organized the famous Morgan Engineering Company and who was a power in that small community,—and a Quaker, Enos Brosius. The town was voted dry and this made it hard on the saloonkeepers.

At one of the rallying meetings my father was in the course of delivering a speech pleading for money to support this movement, when one of the saloonkeepers arose and asked him whether he would take any tainted money, to which father replied: "Yes, but 'tain't enough." The



saloonkeeper thought he would put him in a hole but was foiled.

At another time, since their business was getting desperate, the saloonkeepers concluded they would stop this movement by scaring the leaders,—particularly father and Mr. Brosius.

Father at that time was about 38 to 40 years of age, 5 feet, 10 inches “high,” solidly built, broad and very muscular. He wore what was known as a Prince Albert coat and topped himself off with a broad-brimmed black Stetson hat which was the style he wore throughout life. He had a black beard cut reasonably short, and withal was a distinguished looking man.

One night when he was returning from one of these meetings, two men met him on a dark section of his street and threatened him with bodily injury, but it failed to swerve him from his work.

The more interesting time occurred as he was coming down the main street, dressed as I have indicated. He was told that the saloonkeepers had gotten up a plot to beat up him and Mr. Brosius and that a colored man, commonly known as “Honey” Woods, a well-known fighter, had been chosen to beat father. He knew “Honey” and went over to where he was working on Richard Teter’s lawn. There he found “Honey.” As father approached the iron gate, he took off his hat, deliberately hung it on one of the posts, stopped and motioned for “Honey” to come over to him. The poor fellow shakingly did so. Father then started to take off his black Prince Albert coat, when “Honey” asked him what he was going to do. Father replied that he had come to kill him. Immediately “Honey” began to show

the chills of fear. He wrung his hands and pleaded for mercy. Father continued his preparations and threat and then finally asked him what he had been hired to do. He confessed that for \$5.00 he had been hired to give father a severe beating. Also he told him that Billy Tanner, a saloonkeeper, had given him the money. Father said that if he behaved himself he would let him off this time but if he heard of him beating anybody, he would really finish up the job the next time. They then separated.

Father continued his walk down to the business section of the town, where he learned that the same morning Billy Tanner had come into the feed and warehouse office of Enos Brosius and had immediately attacked him and thrown him to the floor, telling him that he had come to beat him up. Brosius, while small and bandy-legged, was well built and it was said of him that he could easily lift a barrel of salt. The fight began. Presently, Brosius was astride of Tanner and was choking him, when he said to Tanner: "Billy, just shake thy head when thee has had enough, for thee cannot speak." News of this fight got abroad and lent great favor to the temperance movement.

One of father's activities did not measure up to the level of the dignity of the ministry, as is shown by the following incident. He always loved horses and he usually had one or two good ones. When we lived at Richmond father had one which could trot a mile under three minutes, and it was known around about that nobody on the road could pass "Preacher" Stewart's bay horse.



It was common practice to buy wild Oregon horses, caught from the plains, and ship them to the Eastern markets. They were horses, not ponies, and formed as are our horses but of smaller stature, usually colored black and white or brown and white. They were beautiful little animals and full of spirit.

Father bought one of them for \$8.00. He secured the services of a couple of the Wick boys—husky young fellows—who lived near to us, to induce that animal to leave the corral and finally wind up in our barn. The boys were pretty rough but ultimately taught the horse to obey the bridle and occasionally to suffer it to be saddled. Also, after much struggling, they got it between the shafts of a cart. Whenever it got outside the barn, it was a show to see that fine young animal, so far away from his native plains, undertake to get away.

One day when I was about 11 or 12 years of age, but husky for my size, I bridled the horse and finally got on it an old Army saddle with high pommel, and by careful dint of standing well forward of the horse, cinched the saddle and kept out of the way of his hooves. I clambered up onto the side of his stall and got astride of him and out of the barn. I was able to stay on until he got to the edge of the town, where there was a sizeable mudhole in the middle of the street, at which he shied and threw me off into it. Try as I could I was not able to get around to his side and mount him again. I led him home. I caught a very severe lecture from my father for not being able to ride him, but not for having taken him out.

The crowning event of this episode came when the newspaper caught up with this horse and talked about "Preacher" Stewart's pony racing down the Pennsyl-



vania Railroad track with the remnant of a buggy attached to him, bent on derailing the Chicago Flyer.

I do not recommend such an incident to the present ministry, although I must admit that thereby they miss a lot of excitement.

Among the supporters of that church was a private banker named Atwell. He owned the house commonly called the parsonage. The rent was \$21.00 per month and high for those days. Father concluded that he could not afford to pay it out of his \$1200.00 salary, and so told Mr. Atwell, who promptly replied there was nothing he could do about it because it had always been the minister's house and that he, Mr. Atwell, had contributed to the church expecting the minister to rent his house. Father promptly bought a house of his own. He sold his horse and cow and used the onion money from the Perry onion business and made a down payment. Atwell thereafter met him and told him that he was the only man who had ever defied him successfully, but that, nevertheless, he would continue to support his church.

I carried the Alliance Daily Review in the Webb Avenue section of the city, for which I received \$1.00 a week. I enjoyed the newsboy experience. Perhaps one of the inducements was that I was able to take a quick swim in the muddy old Mahoning River back of Walter W. Webb's home. While that delayed my subscribers, the delay did not seem to weigh heavily upon me. I frequently have thought of this experience as I have passed through Alliance on the Pennsylvania Railroad

over those tracks where I went every day for quite awhile.

The Johnstown flood occurred while we lived in Alliance. My father headed up a relief party and within 24 hours had some carloads of food and clothing on the way for the relief of those stricken people. He accompanied the train and saw to the distribution of the supplies. I understand his was the first relief train that entered Johnstown.

That night my friend, Laurin D. Scranton, brother of the foreman of the Alliance Daily Review Publishing Company, came to my house and asked my parents whether I could go with him, north on the old Lake Erie, Alliance and Northern Railroad, of which his father was Superintendent, and sell the "Review," which contained an account of the flood.

I was of the mature age of nearly fourteen years. Before daylight, Laurin and I were at the newspaper office carrying large bundles of newspapers to the train. One of the town's characters, Joe Bohecker, an ardent fisherman, was on the train and asked us boys what price we would charge for the papers, to which we replied: "The regular price, two cents,"—to which he said that was not the way to make money and we should charge five cents, which idea we greedily grasped. When it came my time to leave the train with bundles of these papers, I was besieged by people anxious for the news. One man wanted six papers and asked "How much," and being taken back by this wholesale demand, I replied: "Twelve cents," but I recovered myself promptly and thereafter charged five cents each. We made several dollars on that trip.



When I was about twelve years old, father gave me a twenty-bore shot gun made from an old Springfield rifle, as I recall. I filled my own shells and used the gun for squirrels and birds. We had a live turkey at Christmas and it came time to prepare him for the feast. I took my gun, and happening to get a good aim on the turkey's head, decapitated it. My small sister, Ida, wanted to shoot the gun and I placed it on a box with her behind the box and the gun at her shoulder. She pulled the trigger and was knocked head over heels. A neighbor boy, seeing how our turkey was dispatched, concluded it would be a quick way to dispose of theirs. He took the gun, missed his aim and filled the turkey full of shot.

Moving from place to place every few years was not only difficult for my parents but at least was not too comfortable for us children. It interfered with the continuity of our schooling. Schools usually began the early part of September but we never knew where we were to be moved until after Conference,—about the last week of September. By the time we had arrived at our new place, schools had been well under way for several weeks and we missed the important opening part of the term. I do not suggest this as an alibi for failing to secure a proper education, but it was one of the incidents of p.k.'s (preachers' kids) lives.

Lest it should be thought that that interruption is the sole reason we did not attain intellectual heights later on, I should add that there were many Methodist ministers' sons and daughters who have attained such heights despite such interruptions.



There was another type of incident arising out of these frequent moves which my brother, Ed, and I always had to endure, and that was to fight our way into the respect at least, if not the affection, of the well-settled home town boys. One such occurred at Alliance. Ed was a very good fighter,—quick, keen and courageous. I was not, but being older was able to furnish the brawn while he furnished the generalship. A group of boys attacked us, and by Ed's skill and my weight, we licked them. But it was only a battle and not the end of the war, for shortly after that, part of this same crowd, headed by the son of a butcher, came at us,—the butcher's boy having concealed under his blouse, a small meat cleaver. Probably he knew what a cleaver could do. Again we were able to beat them and to keep our hides whole. But these boys became our friends.

It seemed convenient while attending both morning and night services at church, that I should pump the organ for those services. I secured that job at twenty-five cents a Sunday. I surely was overpaid. While I was able to stay awake for the morning service, sometimes in the evening I would doze off in the alcove back of the choir, where the pump handle and my chair were located. Quite a number of times, Mr. Webb, whom I have mentioned, tenor of the choir, would come in and rouse me, and after that brief but embarrassing delay, worship would proceed through song.

In a summer vacation I had a small job at the Cassiday Drug Store owned and operated by Mr. Cassiday and his two very fine sons. This was the first soda fountain I

had seen. It had a few of the then standard flavors for "sodas." Mixing ice cream with this effervescing water was not then the practice.

One of my jobs was to make the syrup from rock candy. On one such occasion when I was in the basement melting down the rock candy, a circus passed the store. I went to the front of the store and watched the circus, but in the meantime my syrup burned,—for which I received a properly-earned criticism.

The next summer I was in a rival's drug store. That gentleman wanted me to stay with him and learn the drug business, but, fortunately for me, my parents concluded they were not ready to have me leave the parental roof.

Notwithstanding my father's early experience as a poor farm boy, he had come to observe how people should be dressed. We did not have many articles of clothing, but what we had were of good quality. Evidently he had seen some small boy dressed up in a stiff hat, then called a "dicer." So he bought such hats for Ed and me, and also some undressed leather shoes. He told us we could keep the latter looking right by a liberal use of blacking and elbow grease. They really were not very presentable but they did wear.

The first time we wore the hats to Sunday School, we provoked each other by some sarcastic remarks about how the other looked, and so on the way home, first one of the hats fell off and then the other, and we proceeded to make footballs of them. That was the last of my father's efforts to make us into well dressed, young gentry. Needless to say, we paid the penalty for destruction of property.



In those days it was thought meet and right that a minister should have a silk hat and a gold-headed cane, and upon some suitable occasion father's church presented him with that sort of an outfit. One day he left the hat on the stairs at home, and I, coming downstairs in a hurry, accidentally (and that is true) stepped into it and crushed it flat. I was not punished for that but I was made to feel that I had done something to the whole congregation.

Just before leaving for Steubenville at the end of our three-year term, my young friends thought they wanted to give me a present by which to remember them, and, doubtless not intending to reflect upon our new home, gave me a copy of Dante's *Inferno*, with all of Dore's pictures of the descent into Hell. I have long since lost that book and much regret it.

#### STEUBENVILLE

FATHER'S appointment to the Hamline Church at Steubenville was another promotion.

This is the most historical place in which we ever lived. It was founded in 1796 by Bazaleel Wells, an ancestor of my friend, F. Herbert Wells. There Fort Steuben was erected as an outpost against the Indians. A bronze tablet marks one corner of the spot. This city is the county seat of Jefferson County, whose interesting history is well written by J. A. Caldwell in his *Belmont and Jefferson Counties*. Jefferson County extended far to the north, including Trumbull and Mahoning Counties. It has records as early as 1796 and records of marriages as early as 1797. In that court house are the records



of the first court, in the "General Quarter Session of the Peace." The first session of the Common Pleas Court in that large section of Ohio was held in 1803.

In Caldwell's history there is a description of the whipping post at Steubenville,—bounties for the scalps of wild animals,—fifty cents for young wolf scalps and a dollar for the old ones. There were many Indian stories mentioned in that book.

The first Methodist preaching occurred there in 1787. That book says that father's uncle, John F. Stewart, enlisted in the Civil War in 1862 in Company K, 2nd O.V.I.

Father entered on the work at Hamline Church with a good deal of zest, believing it afforded a great opportunity for service to the church. The building was a two-story brick structure. Immediately adjoining it was a brick parsonage, which had ample room with coal grates in most of the rooms, which it was the duty of myself and brothers to keep filled with coal.

Shortly after he arrived, he concluded to build a new church to supersede the structure which was built in 1844. He enlisted the support of some very fine men, such as, Dohrman J. Sinclair and Horatio Garrett, bankers, Robert F. McGowan, a wholesale grocer (who, by the way, married a Batchelor, relative of my faithful and efficient secretary), and quite a number of others in addition to his own congregation. The pillars of the congregation were such men as George P. McCracken, David M. Gruber and John M. Cook,—the two latter being prominent lawyers.

For a little while prior to the tearing down of the old church, my friend, Harry W. Irons, and I were the

janitors,—the fancy term of “custodian” not then having been originated. It was our duty to keep up the fires, do the dusting and cleaning, for the princely sum of \$5.00 per month each. I recall that my work at least could not have been very efficient because there were complaints lodged against the undusted sections of some of the seats. When the new church was built, an efficient custodian was retained in the person of someone else.

During the construction of the church and after two years of service, father was appointed as Presiding Elder of the Steubenville District and accordingly relinquished the finishing of the new church to his successor. However, he had an important part in the dedication services.

He was quite efficient in raising funds for churches, missionary societies and the like. He told me that he had dedicated some fifty-odd churches and that usually they raised all the money needed.

After his experience in purchasing the house in Alliance, he found it easier to save a little money, and upon undertaking the office of Presiding Elder, purchased a house on South Fourth Street. It was large and had ample room for the family as well as the frequent visitors, ministers and their families, and members of the church generally, who found it much more entertaining and cheaper as well, to accept father’s freely-extended invitation than to go to a hotel. One such unexpected minister guest, after partaking of the best my mother offered, leaned back from the table and exultingly ejaculated: “Well, at least I have saved a quarter.”



It was here that I learned something of the house-painting business. Father engaged a church member on a cost-plus basis to buy the paint, mix it, instruct me as a painter and himself to do some of the painting. The poor man didn't seem to know that the paint belonged to father. He would come to work with a long Prince Albert coat, leave it in the barn, but when he went home the pockets of the rear of that coat would be loaded down with small cans of paint. Father, detecting the situation, remonstrated with the church member, who concluded it was not best to take any more paint.

In those days of unpaved roads it was necessary to have a good horse or two because father's work took him all over Jefferson County. He was well acquainted with many people in that and his adjoining county of Carroll and they came to him with many problems other than their church problems. He was interested in all phases of the lives of these people. It was even suggested to him that he be a candidate for the Senate of the State of Ohio, which of course he refused to do.

Here also he was engaged in the anti-saloon movement. One little experience may be interesting. One of the saloonkeepers had been arrested for violating the law and had retained our church member, John M. Cook, as his counsel. Father and Mr. Cook were about the same size, weight, and each of them had about the same type of black beard and had black eyes and black hair. It was easy to mistake one for the other. One Monday morning early when this case was to come up in court, father wandered into Mr. Cook's office and sat there reading the paper while Mr. Cook had gone over to



defend his client. His client suddenly rushed into Mr. Cook's office and believing that it was Mr. Cook sitting there reading the newspaper, berated father lustily for not being at court to take care of his case. Father calmly replied: "You know you are guilty and you ought to go over and plead guilty." Presently the difference was observed and the gentleman hurriedly left.

Recently while searching amongst some old Steubenville papers for some reference or report upon a lecture which my father frequently delivered in that neighborhood, entitled "What a Boy Saw in Andersonville and Libby Prisons" and which he gave for the benefit of churches, I found an article headed "Are We To Have Prohibition In Steubenville?" It seems that the ever-present subject of saloons has bothered at least that city for some fifty-seven years. In Appendix 8 is a copy of a portion of the report on the organization of a movement under the heading "Social Purity League" in which my father took a leading part. This work was but a part of the service which he thought the church should render. He had engaged in it at Alliance, as I have previously said.

#### CLEVELAND

THE TERM of a District Superintendent at this time was six years. Father, however, thinking that it was best to take us children to a city where the educational advantages were greater, was appointed to the Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church in the fall of 1896.

I think there was some disappointment to my father and mother from the fact that their children did not accept the opportunities for a college education which

they wanted us to have. It was through no fault of theirs that all of the children did not do so. My brother, Ed, did enter Western Reserve Medical School but his interest in it was subordinated to basketball and football. Later Ed made a real success as Director of Athletics, particularly football and basketball, at Allegheny College, Mount Union, Oregon State, Nebraska University, Clemson, and University of Texas.

While in Steubenville, as later stated, I had entered Ohio Wesleyan University and did not come to Cleveland with the family until 1897.

When father arrived in Cleveland, he found a charge totally different from any he had served. It was located in one of the poorer sections of the city, the congregation being made up largely of English, German and Bohemian people,—a fine lot of honest, hard-working and thrifty people.

Mr. Oliver M. Stafford, a prominent industrialist, took a great interest in the Sunday School of the church, where he had an excellent orchestra largely made up of professional musicians. Amongst them was the famous Hruby family, and Mr. Claude Foster who later became a successful manufacturer. He there played the slide trombone.

The Sunday School numbered on the average 500 to 600, but during the holiday season there would be over 1000.

One of the persons my father met at the Conference when he was appointed to Cleveland was Mr. Samuel Austin, a member of the Broadway Church. He was one of the finest persons in the congregation,—a loyal supporter of the church and of my father. He was an



Englishman born in Peterborough, England, some seventy miles north of London,—a place I visited in 1924. It was in Cleveland that his son, Wilbert J. Austin, courted my sister, Ida, whom he later married when our family moved to Massillon.

Frankly, Broadway was not as happy a place for father and mother as some other places where they had lived, but true to the itinerant minister's discipline, there was no complaint.

#### MASSILLON

IN THE fall of 1901, father was appointed to the Methodist Episcopal Church in Massillon, Ohio, and moved there in September of that year. By this time I had been admitted to the practice of law and had decided to settle in Cleveland. Therefore I remained behind.

At Massillon my folks enjoyed themselves. It was a very pleasant place with an agreeable type of people and it afforded father greater opportunity for pulpit work. Here on September 16, 1903, my sister, Ida, was married to Wilbert J. Austin, the ceremony being performed in the church by my father. I was privileged to give my sister away.

#### AKRON DISTRICT

FROM Massillon father was appointed in 1903 to the District Superintendency of the Akron District. The title "Presiding Elder" had been changed. He resided for a time on a farm which he bought near Hudson, probably thinking it would be as pleasant for him and the family as he thought it would be when he was a boy.



His experience on this farm, which was located a short distance from Hudson, Ohio, induced him to change his mind. It was a very difficult situation for my mother and sister Lena, and inconvenient for father. While he operated it, he did it in a most inefficient manner. He had been so long away from farm work as to make his farming practically impossible. The most he got out of it was to have the sugar bush operated, and even that did not produce the best grade of maple syrup. In consequence he purchased a house in Ravenna, which was much more comfortable for him, my mother and my sister, Lena, who was then at home.

Again, his experience on this district added to his reputation as an administrator of church work.

In the spring of 1906, father was suddenly stricken with facial paralysis, from which he fairly recovered but which, nevertheless, left him with a noticeable drooping of one side of his face. I recall with a great deal of anxiety meeting him at Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania shortly after that affliction.

Upon leaving the district, which he served for six years (the expiration of the term), the ministers of the District were very kind to him and held a reception which touched him and my mother very deeply.

#### THE ITINERARY ENDS

FATHER was next appointed to the Methodist Church at Urichsville, Ohio. This was not a promotion but it appearing that there was a schism amongst the members, due to some fanatics, father was urged to go there to straighten out the matter. He did so. It was a very difficult job and wore him down somewhat.

Although he made no comment about it, we learned after his death that some time before his death on February 1, 1910, he had been afflicted with some dizziness but gave it no especial attention. On the evening of February 1st he had helped to organize a Florence Crittenden Society. That night he was suddenly stricken with an acute attack of angina pectoris and died within a couple of hours, conscious to the last moment of the probable outcome.

The doctors indicated that his prison experience probably had induced that condition.

Except for his last illness and the facial paralysis I mentioned, his health had always been good.

Of his funeral there are many newspaper accounts telling of the presence of bishops, ministers from that section of the country and of laymen who were his friends. Bishop David H. Moore, of Cincinnati, presided at the services in Urichsville. The next day further services were held in Epworth-Euclid Methodist Episcopal Church in Cleveland, at which there were many ministers and other friends.

He was buried in Lake View Cemetery, where twenty years later my mother was buried.





#### IV CHURCHMAN, SOLDIER AND CITIZEN

IN THE foregoing pages I have given some measure, but altogether insufficient, by which to gauge my father and my mother. It is but natural that the incidents should revolve around him more than her, although she was a capable, silent partner in them, and in addition carried the domestic burden. If the suggestion be made, as I believe it well could be, that further comment is more eulogistic than descriptive, I can only reply: "I still believe in some eulogy."

##### MINISTER INSTEAD OF FARMER

OF FATHER'S life and work, therefore, may I further say that the turning point in his life, which made him a successful minister instead of a farmer, was his conversion in the Methodist Church. He there found a real objective.

He did not have the financial support which a student, desiring an education, should have, but being used to hard work, he exercised the natural talents which he had. He was of a studious nature although not a great student; he studied his Bible and knew it; he outlined his sermons in a clear, logical way, but so far as I remember, never fully wrote them out. I still have quite a number of his pencilled outlines.

His sermons, as was the custom of the day, abounded in homely illustrations. He was fluent of speech and



upon occasions quite an orator. His voice was a good, rich baritone, but he was not a great singer, although, in the absence of organs and organists, he frequently had to pitch the tune and lead the singing. In his pulpit days, loud declamation was considered as strong evidence of earnestness and, accordingly, he evinced his positive beliefs by raising his voice, pounding the pulpit, and occasionally stamping the floor. On one such occasion, while wearing the usual detachable celluloid cuffs, one of them was forced over his wrist and went flying over the pulpit, but unabashed, he thundered on. Many of his gestures were made with the left hand, still, he wrote right handed.

His chief asset, both in church and in the community, was in leadership. He was a good judge of people and of their character. From his experiences as a boy in the Army, in prison, in comradeship with members of the Grand Army of the Republic, in his church, and in his acquaintance with business men with whom he was able to discuss important business questions, he met life on all sides. He was more a participant in life than a mere observer of it. He always wanted to help.

Throughout that section of Ohio where he was best known he had the respect and confidence of the entire community,—many of the residents of which followed him through his ministry with their requests for counsel, comfort, and advice. He was loyal to his friends, and where, on account of his strength of views, he had developed some keen opponents, as was the case in a number of instances, he was eminently able in handling them.

In his church relations he had the reputation of knowing the Conference better than any man in it, and was

considered its most efficient administrator. He had the courage to oppose his bishops when he felt their appointments, particularly, were not in the best interests of the church or were unfair to the ministers. He had the unusual experience of being a district superintendent for 11 years of his 37 years of ministry. His Conference honored him on three separate occasions by electing him as a delegate to the Methodist General Conference, an honor then unprecedented. There he served on the important General Missions Committee of that Conference and, while not aspiring to any office, received a substantial vote for the secretaryship of the General Missionary Committee.

In his personal finances he was thrifty but not to the extent of wanting to pile up money. Possibly, being a minister, he was resigned to the impossibility of making money. He maintained our family, bought and paid for the houses where we lived, and left a little money for my mother.

As to secret societies, while he had no aversion to them, he declined to join them. His excuse was that he already belonged to three,—the Methodist Church, the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Republican Party. While his church came first, he defended the G. A. R. when it was attacked (Appendix 7).

In his lecture on “What a Boy Saw in Andersonville and Libby Prisons,” which frequently took well over an hour to deliver, he was humorous as well as given to deep pathos. I heard that lecture on several occasions and it always left me salty-eyed; so also his audience. He made no charge for it but contributed his time for the benefit



of the churches, which received all of the fee for admissions.

Also, he supported the policies of the Republican Party. He attended every presidential inauguration from Garfield's to McKinley's, and became acquainted with many of the Presidents, especially with "Major" McKinley, a title the old soldiers used instead of "Mr. President." He was especially fond of his soldier friend, Joseph B. Foraker, an uncle of my former partner, Mr. McKeehan.

There seemed, in those days, to be something in an old soldier who had smelled the smoke of battle which endeared him to other veterans. It was a standing order at our house, where of course poor people and beggars as well came for help, that no old soldier be turned away. Oftentimes it was a bit hard on my mother, who put them up sometimes in the house and sometimes, where advisable, in the barn.

Soldiers' bonuses, G. I. Bill of Rights, educational privileges, housing at the expense of the Government, and other means of support had not then been devised either as a means of recompense for their honorable service and sacrifice, or as a method of getting their votes. Accordingly, private persons bore that burden. Our house had its full complement of that privilege.

All told, this minister occupied a big place in the church and amongst the people generally.

The minutes of the East Ohio Conference of September, 1910 contain the following eulogy:

#### REV. L. H. STEWART

L. H. Stewart was born near Bloomingdale, Jefferson County, Ohio, July 22, 1848, and departed this life February 2, 1910.



## CHURCHMAN, SOLDIER AND CITIZEN 73

The putting off this earthly tabernacle came while in the midst of a most active and successful pastorate at Uhrichsville, to which he was appointed by Bishop Moore at the last session of the East Ohio Conference. He was united in marriage April 2, 1874 with Miss Addie E. Walker who with their five children lives to mourn his departure.

At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the Seventy-Fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Company G. Shortly after entering the service he was taken prisoner at Resaca, Georgia and for six months at Florence and Andersonville, suffered all the tortures of prison life. At the close of the war he entered Scio College and diligently pursued a preparation for his life work, the ministry of the Gospel. He joined the Pittsburgh Conference in 1874. At the formation of the East Ohio Conference in 1876, he became a member thereof, to which he gave thirty-four years, serving the following charges:

Thomson and Findlay (Steubenville), Unionport, Senecaville, Richmond, Perry, Alliance, Broadway (Cleveland), Massillon, Hamline (Steubenville), Uhrichsville, five years Superintendent of Steubenville District and six years of Akron District. He was three times elected to the General Conference and at the time of his death was a member of the General Missionary Committee representing the Fifth General Conference District.

In early life he was converted with an evidence so clear that it placed him forever beyond doubt of the power of God to save. His call to the ministry was clear, and he was a man of sound work.

Brother Stewart was a man of unusual executive ability. He knew men and was quick to see their weaknesses and their strength. He grasped a situation quickly and had the power of initiative. Whatever his work, he wrought with the hands of a master. He was affectionate in his home, genial among his brethren, broad in his sympathies.

Funeral services were held at Uhrichsville and Cleveland, conducted by District Superintendent J. S. Secrest, assisted by Bishop D. H. Moore and other members of the Conference. His body rests in beautiful Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland.

J. S. SECREST.

---

---

## V FATHER'S AUNTS AND UNCLES

### A BRIEF REFERENCE

I MAKE only brief reference to my father's uncles and aunts.

In the family of William R. Stewart, my grand-aunt, Sarah Jane, married George Beatty; Ann married Perry Grey; Jane married Mr. Stevens, and Martha married Mr. Shillito. I knew only one of these grand-aunts, Mary, who married Ephriam Lashley. She lived in the village of Pekin near Steubenville, Ohio. She was quite a wit. She said of my father's itinerant ministry, that when the time came for him to move to his next charge, his chickens knew it, came up and laid down on the back porch for their legs to be tied so that they could move on. She is reported to have said that although she had no money, it would not embarrass her at the time of her death because she had observed that the public did not leave dead people lying above the ground very long.

Her husband had lost an arm and the hand from the other arm in a celebration in 1858 when a loaded cannon was shot off. I well remember how she would place the fork in one of those bits of machinery attached to the arm, and the knife in the other. My brothers and I have hunted chestnuts on his farm, and while he could not pick them up, he could show us where they were. I have seen him take a long squirrel rifle and maneuver it by placing it on a rail fence so as to permit him to pull the trigger and bring down the squirrel.



There is always the possibility—at least in some families if traced far enough—of finding a black sheep. As one of my cousins, Lulu Gottschall, says: “Always remember this: Have a few crumbs for the black sheep; they’ll never come amiss.”

My father told me of his young uncle Monroe, a bachelor, who, having become engaged in some sort of a fight, had left home. My Aunt Sarah Jane, father’s sister, said that Monroe had been indicted or at least subject to Grand Jury investigation when he was a very young man and had “departed the country”—supposedly to Indiana. At all events, nothing more was ever heard of him.

Of my father’s own family there were eleven children. Some of them I did not know. I shall mention a few I did know.

The one I knew best was Aunt Sarah Jane who married Heber Stenger, a fine Christian gentleman,—industrious, a capable housebuilder and devoted husband, who cared for his invalid wife during her trials of forty years. She had been confined to a wheelchair for some forty-odd years before she died. She was of a cheerful mind and a keen wit. She once told me that if I would go over to the cemetery at Kilgore I would see where some of our ancestors had been laid away, and amongst them mentioned her and my father’s younger brother, George Edward, who was born April 25, 1855 and died October 5, 1865. In that cemetery I found his monument, consisting of a shaft about a foot square on which was an admonition and a testimony to his friends. It said: “Go home, dear friends, dry up those tears; I will arise when



Christ appears.” When I reported this finding to my aunt, she promptly replied: “Well, Eddie will have a long time to wait.”

Another of my aunts was Aunt Lydia who married William Martin of Kilgore. It is reported that Uncle Bill said that my father had conferred a great favor upon him in securing his appointment as postmaster at Kilgore because it enabled him to read the newspapers and any poorly-sealed letters. I always regretted that father did not secure from him the rifle which, although not the one he carried in his part of the Atlanta campaign, had been issued to him just before his discharge and which he brought home.

Father’s sister, Margaret Elizabeth, married George Denger. They had thirteen children. I recall my father telling this story about Number Ten,—George. Father was conducting old fashioned revival meetings at Hope-dale, where the Denger family lived. Evidently the spirit of repentance was a little bit tardy in manifesting itself and there was not much rushing forward to the mourners’ bench as was the custom in those revival days. My father spied his nephew, George, in the back of the church and called out to him, saying: “George, you should come forward; you know you need religion.” George, properly abashed, and also being afflicted with some stuttering, replied over the heads of the audience: “W-w-we-ll, Uncle Harve, y-y-you wo-wo-wouldn’t ex-ex-expect m-m-me to b-b-be the first, w-w-would you?”

Father’s brother, John, early moved to Kansas. I never met him. His family grew up there. About 1907 Uncle John and his wife paid father and mother a visit

at Ravenna, at which time a number of their sisters were living. They had quite a reunion.

The fourth child in the family of William Ross Stewart was a James Ross, born March 13, 1847 but died in infancy.

---

---

## VI MY MOTHER—ADA WALKER STEWART

IN THE foregoing pages I must not be thought to have been unmindful of my mother's very great part in my father's career. For the purpose of making the continuous story of father and his family, I have delayed until now her history and that of her ancestors.

My mother was an especially able help-meet to my father.

How it was possible for a young woman with five children before she was twenty-eight years of age, with hired help only on very special occasions, to bring up such a family; operate her house; go through the work and bother of moving frequently from place to place,—once at a time when one of the children was only three weeks old; appear at church with five restless children sitting next to her; sometimes to sing in the choir; attend the ladies' meetings; look after a stirring bunch of children in health and in sickness,—and at the same time maintain herself in good health and happiness of mind, was more than one can now understand.

In the wedding picture of my father and mother, hers is that of a fresh young girl,—an impression which she continued to give until nearly fifty years of age. She much belied her age. She and I frequently were taken for sister and brother. Her features were fine; she was really a beautiful woman.



In mother's younger days she had a good soprano voice. She had acquired her Welsh mother's ability to sing and, by the way, transmitted it to my sister, Ida. She was not envious of the ladies of the church who had more of this world's goods and of education than she had, but was content to be a Methodist minister's wife with all of the material limitations which that position imposed upon her. She was a very level-headed person and had a keen insight into men and women which she communicated to my father and thereby helped him. Her unerring discernment of the good and bad qualities of people protected both herself and her husband from them.

If there be any division of work or responsibility between father and mother in those days, it might be said that father labored hard for his church and mother labored hard and thriftily for her family.

My mother survived my father twenty years and but for the sudden death of my brother, Ed, in the fall of 1929, perhaps would have lived longer. His sudden death affected her so severely that she did not recover and died suddenly April 29, 1930.

### MY MOTHER'S ANCESTORS

MY MOTHER is descended on her paternal side from the Walkers and Russells, and on the maternal side, from the Burgesses and Ruth , whose name I do not know. Mother is twin sister of Ida. There were four other children. Mother was born April 14, 1856 at Florence, Pennsylvania.

## THE WALKERS

MOTHER's father was Oliver Perry Walker, born January 22, 1815, died August 26, 1877. On January 29, 1844 he married Tabitha Dorcas Burgess, who was born March 16, 1821 and died July 27, 1906.<sup>5</sup> Perry Walker, as he was commonly called, was the son of Ninian Walker and Catherine Russell, who were married November 16, 1813. She was born October 11, 1793 and died at Toledo April 12, 1880. I do not know the date of birth or death of Ninian, her husband. Catherine, his wife, was the daughter of Caleb Russell. Her mother's first name was Janet but I do not know her last name.

Ninian Walker and Catherine lived in Florence, Pennsylvania some time prior to 1855. At about that time they must have moved to Mansfield, Ohio because Ninian in 1856 wrote to his son "Perry Walker or Catherine Walker" at Mansfield, Ohio. (Appendix 9)

I have not been able to trace Ninian Walker's ancestors. The only information I have about him is contained in his Bible and in that letter to his son and wife, probably written in the spring of 1856 because it refers to a letter of that year he had received from his family.

This letter bears the postmark of Manhattan, Ohio,—a village then located at the mouth of the Maumee River

---

<sup>5</sup> Mrs. Ira (Helen) Rich of New Castle, Pennsylvania, has the Ninian Walker family Bible. It is a large full-leather bound book about 8½" x 7" x 3". On the inside cover there is written in large, accurate penmanship: "N. Y. Walker's (probably referring to the ownership of the Bible) bought of John Wiles, Burgettstown, June 6, 1811." The book says it was published in 1812 by N. Carey, No. 122 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

I notice that in the "family record" section of the Bible the name "Ninian" is spelled "Nenion."



ADA E. (WALKER) STEWART  
AGE ABOUT 28 YEARS





near Toledo. It shows that he was estranged from his family, who apparently did not like his "religious opinions." He may have been somewhat of a religious fanatic and, as is customary with such persons, undertook to impose his opinions on his son and wife, with the resulting estrangement. His wife, Catherine, also was a forceful character, which may furnish adequate grounds for differences of opinion.

Religious opinions in those days were important. Rich and poor tenaciously stood by them. Immigrants from England and Scotland remembered their ancestor's sufferings and long, hard experience in religious persecutions, and hence it was but natural that anyone who had a "religious opinion" would stubbornly cling to it. Both Ninian and his wife, Catherine, and, indeed, my grandfather, William R. Stewart, all stood by their religious guns.

Ninian, while stoutly maintaining his right to his opinion and accusing his wife and son of making the breach between them and him because of it, acted somewhat like a small boy when he wrote in that letter that unless his wife and son would accept him and his opinions, he would go to the "Origan" territory at the mouth of the Columbia River, beyond the reach of acquaintances and friends. This proved to be an idle threat. Manhattan, for all practical purposes, then probably was just as far away from Mansfield, Ohio, to which that letter was addressed, as was the mouth of the Columbia River. It may be that he had heard of the Lewis and Clark expedition to the Columbia River some thirty years earlier and had a vague notion that his religious opinions would be better respected there.

Ninian's descendants gathered his remains and those of his wife, Catherine, and placed them in the same family lot in Mansfield, Ohio,—a situation which probably neither of them would have willingly accepted.

The name "Ninian" is unusual. I have read that there was an old Scottish saint of that name in about the year A. D. 360 who was credited with first bringing Christianity to Scotland. He took a long trek to Rome as one of the first representatives of Christianity in the British Isles. It would appear that the Ninians were not averse to travel. Fortunately, the unattractiveness of that name seems to have overcome in the minds of Ninian's descendants any desire to perpetuate it, despite the illustrious ancient history of St. Ninian.

Catherine Walker settled at least for a time in Mansfield, Ohio. There she became a charter member of the local Presbyterian Church. She was a woman of force and intellectual ability. In Caleb Russell, Jr.'s letter it appears that in 1873 she was in Grinnell, Iowa.

About the time of the Civil War, Catherine took her granddaughter, my Aunt Harriett Ruetta Walker, to live with her, and gave my aunt a good education. Catherine was well acquainted with the illustrious Sherman family, consisting of General William T. Sherman, John Sherman and Charles T. Sherman. My cousin, Mrs. Ira Blair, informs me that in her childhood days she, with her mother, visited some of the Shermans and heard from them very favorable comments about Catherine Walker.

Catherine's grandson, Thomas McFadden Walker, brother of my mother, writing from San Antonio during the Civil War (Appendix 10) objected strongly to his



sister living with Catherine Walker. Whether the objection was founded on jealousy on behalf of his other sisters or not, I do not know. At all events, his sister, Harriett Ruetta, there received a bit of culture which she would not have had if she had remained in her native town of Mastersville, to which Oliver Perry Walker brought his family from Florence, Pennsylvania.

### THE RUSSELLS

NINIAN'S wife, Catherine, was the second daughter of Caleb Russell, my great-grandfather on my mother's side. He settled in or near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and owned property in Pittsburgh. He died January 1, 1809 and his wife, Janet, in November, 1841. There were eight children in that family.

The Russells were well to do. His son, Caleb, Jr., died at Crestline, Ohio, September 19, 1873. The latter's nephew, James McFadden, wrote a letter (Appendix 11) to Oliver Perry Walker, telling of the death of Caleb, Jr., and of what appears to be a more important fact, at least from the lawyer's standpoint, that the poor fellow had delayed making a will until he was *in extremis* and also incapacitated mentally. His attending physician wrote down on a scrap of paper what Caleb intended as a will but it was neither signed nor witnessed. Further, the physician is quoted as having said: "He would not be qualified as to the soundness of Caleb's mind at the time of his dictating the paper." From those two letters it was Caleb's intention to give a farm to his nephew, my uncle, Thomas McFadden Walker, but that intention was not carried out.

One of those letters by Thomas McFadden, Jr., brother of James (Appendix 12), completes the sad news by saying that counsel had advised him that the paper drawn by the physician was of no value to anyone mentioned in it. Accordingly, Uncle Thomas never received the farm nor his mother, Catherine, a sister of Caleb, Jr., the "support" he intended.

#### THE BURGESS FAMILY

MY MATERNAL grandmother was Tabitha Dorcas Burgess, born March 16, 1821, died July 29, 1906. She was the second of six children of Samuel and Ruth Burgess. This Samuel Burgess was engaged in the coal business at Blaenavon and Ponty Pryd, Wales. My grandmother was born at Blaenavon. Samuel Burgess was born in Kingswood, England. There Methodists under John Wesley and George Whitefield had built a school for the education of the colliers' children. The Burgesses sailed from the nearby port of Bristol and landed in New York City in 1835.

It was from Bristol that John Cabot and his son, Sebastian, in 1497 sailed to the northern shores of America where they discovered our mainland. Bristol also was the seat of the control of the American slave trade. It is a most ancient city, having been founded several hundred years B. C. If the Burgesses had waited about three years and, far more important, had had money with which to take a grand trip, they could have come over on the "Great Western," one of the first ocean-going steamships which was launched in Bristol in 1838.



When the Burgesses landed in this country they came first to Pittsburgh and then to Florence, Pennsylvania, where Samuel engaged in the cabinet and tinning business. Probably it was here that Oliver Perry Walker, a saddler, met Samuel's daughter, Tabitha Dorcas. They were married January 29, 1844.

When Samuel Burgess arrived at Florence he learned the cabinet-making trade, at which he worked until 1852. "By constant attention to business, by patience and frugality, he had amassed \$500, and with this slender capital, he engaged with his younger brother, Josiah, now of Zanesville, in the tinning business at Florence, Pa. The year following, in 1853, they removed to Zanesville."<sup>6</sup>

I have several interesting letters written by Samuel Burgess and his mother, Ruth, to my grandmother, Tabitha, and her husband, Oliver Perry Walker. Evidently Samuel and Ruth Burgess at one time lived at Beverly, Ohio near Marietta. The earliest of these letters, August 29, 1858 (Appendix 13), was written by Samuel Burgess for his mother, Ruth. It is a most domestic sort of communication and gives some insight into the lives of ordinary folk. The next letter I have is dated July 27, 1861 (Appendix 14), written by Ruth Burgess herself to her daughter and her son-in-law, Oliver Perry Walker. It also describes some domestic life as well as child labor. She writes:

I have got a fine little girl with me. Her mother lives about sixty miles away. She is a fine, fat girl about nine years old. She is a good milker. \* \* \*

---

<sup>6</sup> The foregoing quotation is taken from a newspaper at Cambridge, Ohio at the time of the death of Samuel Burgess.



From our more advanced viewpoint, that fine, little fat girl should have remained with her mother, but times were different in those days.

The last letter, December 30, 1861 (Appendix 15) from Ruth Burgess to her daughter and son-in-law seems to indicate that she lost that fine little fat girl because she asks her son-in-law, Oliver Perry Walker, as follows:

Perry, I want to know if there is any ship on the stocks up there in the shape of a young boy or girl.

My mother's sister, my Aunt Virginia, gave to me some old papers, brown with age, including several poems written by my grandmother in her fine little hand. She was quite a gifted person although without much schooling in Wales or in this country. She had left Wales when she was twelve years old. She always had something bright and interesting to say. When her daughter, Ida, died, she poured out her soul in some passages which touched a deep chord (Appendices 16 and 17) but she was humorous as well. She wrote the following poem about my fifth birthday, which shows her keen understanding of a small boy who is growing up:

FROM GRANDMA TO WILLIE

For the boy I love so well  
A little gift that Grandma sends  
For to his mama he did say,  
I'll be a man, mama, some day  
I'm five years old.

I'm five years old, you see, mama,  
I guess you didn't know  
How very old and big and strong  
In one night I did grow.

For last night when I went to bed  
Your boy was only four  
Just see how tall I am today  
Mama do you know me  
I'm five years old.

And now I am almost a man  
And want a candy store  
To sell ice cream and nuts and figs  
And lots of good things more.

And O, I want a big black dog  
To keep bad boys away  
A pony just as white as snow  
To ride on every day.  
I'm five years old.

I'm sorry for poor little Ed,  
Just think, he's only three,  
But if he lives he'll be a man  
And be as big as me.

I'll give him all my tops and balls  
My dresses and my toys  
For things like these are very nice  
To please sutch little boys,  
I'm five years old.

What, five years old, my little son,  
You fill me with surprise,  
My boy become a man so soon,  
Can I believe my eyes.

Ah golden time so full of hope  
So fresh and sweet and fair,  
I will remember now the day  
When I was free from care,  
and five years old.

Perry Walker probably engaged in the saddlery business in Burgettstown, Pennsylvania, and later, as is shown by a paper seal which probably he attached to his product, engaged in the same business in Florence, Pa. The seal bears this inscription:

O. P. WALKER  
SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER  
FLORENCE, PA.

On the fly leaf of his day book which I have is written this inscription: "Presented by T. Shipley of Burgettstown, Pa. to Perry Walker." Immediately under that inscription but in much larger and in poor handwriting, is the following pencil note: "Perry Walker, Class Leader, December the 1, 1839, Burgettstown, Pennsylvania."

There are some interesting items about the nature of his business in the abovementioned day book.<sup>7</sup> In

---

<sup>7</sup> It contains accounts with various people, including such items as relate to the saddlery business, as the following:

*(Continued on page 89)*



addition to that book and seal, I have a tack hammer, a pair of heavy shears for cutting leather and cloth, and a tack drawer, all of which were used by Perry Walker in his business.

Probably Perry Walker at first settled in Burgetts-town instead of Florence because it was a larger business place. As further establishing his early residence there,

---

*(Continued from page 88)*

2 trees	\$2.50	
1 pare cross	2.50	
2 pare of irons	—	
1 pare of lines	—	
1 side of riveting	4.14 cts.	
1 buckles covered for bridles		18¾ cts.
1 hogskin	2.00	
2 saddle drills	2.00	

He carried a small account with his mother:

Mother gave me \$1.00 for Lac sulphur, shugar lead, oil, burgemot—cost 12½ cts. Due to Catherine Walker 87 cts.

Other items indicate that he operated a bus or post chaise to local points, for which he charged 25 cents per trip.

Also the day book contains this item:

Lifted Crawford's note \$8.35—paid Leach \$18.00—  
Telegraph—70 cents—Unkel Thomas, \$1.00;  
Advocate \$1.00—Lattin gramer 87½¢.

There is also the following outline on a phase of theology:

1. The Apostles had a right to dictate to the Church
  - 1st—The Election
  - 2nd—The Christian Hope
  - 3rd—The Christian's Divine Support
  - 4th— '' final inheritance of the Christian  
and more.

I am informed that the Walker family Bible owned by my cousin, Helen Blair, and which was purchased in Burgettstown, contains the vital statistics respecting the Walker family.

I do not know when my grandfather, Perry Walker, and my grandmother, Tabitha, removed to Mastersville, Ohio but it was not later than 1873 because Mr. McFadden, in the letter telling of his Uncle Caleb Russell, Jr.'s death, addressed it to Perry Walker at that place in 1873.

My grandmother, Tabitha, was fond of telling how her father in Blaenavon kept his payroll in the form of gold, in the bottom of a large grandfather's clock, and how she, as a young child, stepping into that clock, tramped on the gold, became frightened and hurriedly climbed out. She said that her mother, Ruth, told her that was where the "devil kept his gold." Whether she was defining her husband or scaring her children may be open to debate.

My Aunt Virginia Walker insisted for a great many years that her grandparents, the Burgesses, had left very valuable coal properties in Wales, and when I went to England in 1924 she requested me to make inquiries about her supposed inheritance. I called on a solicitor in Bristol, who informed me that for some seventy-five years there had been a law in England and Wales barring any such claim. I rather believe that Samuel Burgess got into some financial difficulties and thought America afforded him a better opportunity than coal mining in Blaenavon or Ponty Pryd, and therefore pulled up stakes and left.



In 1938, with my wife and sister, Ida, when in England, I drove to Blaenavon, but in the short time we were there found no one who knew of our Burgess family.

Now a few comments about my mother's brother and sisters. The eldest child, Thomas McFadden Walker, was a Civil War veteran. His letters (Appendices 10, 18 and 19) from San Antonio, Texas where he was stationed during the war, show some homely family interest in his sisters, the twins Ada and Ida. He later lived at Urichsville, Ohio where, after the war, he lost an arm in the railroad service. For many years he was the Marshal of that village.

My Aunt Harriett Ruetta was a very successful school teacher in Ravenna, Ohio, as also was my Aunt Virginia, who taught in Youngstown. My aunt, Catherine Jane, commonly called Aunt "Kitty," married James Borland,—a rugged farmer,—and lived near Bowerstown, Ohio. A visit to her farm was real pleasure. Her two sons, Charles and James, my cousins, somewhat older than us boys, were rough and ready farmers. They taught us a great deal about farm life. My younger cousin and I had the job of bringing in the cows to be milked. On cold mornings we welcomed the opportunity to rouse the cow from her rest because we could then stand on the warm ground where she had been lying, in order to warm up our feet.

My aunt had an old log cabin which she used for a spring house. It was a delightful spot because there we could get all of the cold spring water we wanted and, in addition, good, cold milk. I carried water from that spring to my uncle and the farm hands in the fields. Of



course we had other chores to do. One was churning. It seemed to me that it was always a contest between my arms and the milk, as to which would first succumb. From the vantage point of years, it would have been pleasant if Mr. Edison had been able to furnish us electric power for that purpose and thereby free us for fun or possibly other chores. Nevertheless, I learned the art of churning. If there be any truth in the adage that a watched kettle never boils, it is equally as true when applied to the chore of churning.

Money in those days was very scarce at that farm and accordingly "trading" was in order. Aunt "Kitty" would have us children gather the eggs which, together with the butter, she would take to market. The market price for eggs was about six to eight cents per dozen, and butter, about twelve cents a pound. With that produce she would buy her household supplies and tobacco for her husband, Uncle Jim.

Those visits were not called vacations. A trip to a place where a charge was made for room and board was out of the question. Accordingly we visited Aunt "Kitty," my Grandmother Walker and my Grandmother Stewart (then named Smith from her remarriage to Mr. Jacob Smith).

Visits to my Grandmother Walker were lots of fun. Being Welsh and quite a good singer, she entertained us with songs in Welsh and English. I never understood any of the Welsh. She was a woman of small stature, weighing probably not more than ninety pounds.

Grandmother Walker had a small organ which she pumped with her feet. Her little house was perched up on the side of a street on a lot which sloped abruptly to



TABITHA DORCAS (BURGESS) WALKER  
(MRS. OLIVER PERRY WALKER)





the rear, down towards a brook which came from a spring not far away. As children we fished and fished in that brook but I never recollect catching anything.

I cannot now understand how five of us children and my mother and father were accommodated in that house. I do recall, however, that we three boys slept crosswise in one bed.

Occasionally we could spend a few pennies (big copper coins) at Brown's store where Grandmother Walker dealt. I well remember the soda cracker barrel with the lid carelessly tilted or intentionally lifted so as to permit us to get a cracker; the dried kippered herring and the salt-water Yarmouth bloater my grandmother liked so well; the candy jars up on the shelf out of our reach; the striped stick candy; the round, hard jawbreakers; rock candy on a string; paraffin in heart shapes with sugar over it and with sweet mottoes stuck on it; slippery elm; and of course in that general store everything from harnesses for horses to pretty calico for the girls. And much more.

Visits to my paternal Grandmother Smith were of a wholly different sort. She was a blue-stockinged Presbyterian of the most rigid kind. In those days we always went barefoot in the summertime but at her house when Sunday morning came we dressed in our best,—shoes included. We went to her Presbyterian Sunday School and church, and when we came back to her house, while we could go out in her flower garden at the back of the small frame house in which she lived, we could not whistle, yell, throw stones or do anything which active youngsters were prone to do,—especially on Sunday.

My mother understood the restrictions quite well and eased our complaints as much as she could, but nevertheless, visits to that house were not the happiest of vacation days.

---

## VII MY WIFE'S FAMILY

(SCOTCH, ENGLISH AND SCOTCH-IRISH)

THUS far I have written about my own ancestors. But it is a pleasure to write about Mrs. Stewart's family as well. Due to the absence of record information, I am obliged to piece together such information as has come to me from various sources.

Mrs. Stewart's forebears are the Scotch Steele-Robertson, and the English Morgan and the Scotch-Irish McCracken families.

### THE STEELES

HER FATHER was James R. Steele, born in Steubenville March 17, 1854 and died there May 30, 1918. He was the eighth child of Henry Steele, who was born in 1815, probably in Ayr, Scotland, or possibly in Glasgow, and died in Steubenville March 6, 1879. We have no information of the Steele ancestors earlier than Henry Steele.

Henry Steele married Harriett Gardner Robertson, born September 26, 1813 and died November 23, 1887. They were married at Beeth, Scotland May 29, 1835. The original of their marriage certificate is in the possession of Mrs. Stewart's aunt, Mrs. Edward M. Steele, now residing in St. Louis, Missouri. The marriage certificate says Henry Steele was a "victualler." In the same year of their marriage, and probably promptly thereafter,



they removed to the United States,—settling first at Pittsburgh and later in Steubenville. So far as I know, they had no relatives in Steubenville.

Henry Steele's occupation, as mentioned in a history of Jefferson County, says that at one time he was employed at Means Foundry. His grandchildren remember to have been told that he lost some considerable money by investing it in a steamboat company which was to ply the Ohio River. The story is that the promoter of the company swindled him out of his investment. He seems to have been somewhat depressed by this loss. In the latter part of his life he was employed at the "Gallagher" Bank,—a national bank in Steubenville.

Mrs. Stewart's father, James Robertson Steele, son of Henry Steele, obtained his education in the public schools in Steubenville. In 1873 he went to Pittsburgh and entered the employ of a wholesale millinery firm, J. J. Porter & Company, where he remained for twelve years. During his employment there he married Nancy Gertrude Sharpe on December 19, 1876.

Mrs. Stewart and her sister, Mabel, were both born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

In 1885 this family returned to Steubenville where Mr. Steele engaged in the dry goods business as a member of the firm of Shoupe & Steele. That business was not financially successful and shortly Mr. Steele returned to the firm of J. J. Porter & Company in Pittsburgh,—later becoming a member of the firm,—a connection which he enjoyed until his death in 1918. He remained a resident of Steubenville and commuted to Pittsburgh.



BENJAMIN MARTIN SHARPE





THE SHARPES, MORGANS AND  
McCRACKENS

ON HER maternal side, Mrs. Stewart's ancestors are the Sharpes, Morgans and McCrackens. Her mother, Nancy Gertrude Sharpe, born July 27, 1855, died February 17, 1937, was the daughter of Benjamin Martin Sharpe by his second marriage which was with Nancy Davis McCracken on January 27, 1852. He was a twin of Daniel Morgan Sharpe who died July, 1893. Benjamin Sharpe's wife, Nancy, was born July 17, 1823 and died March 14, 1905.

Benjamin Martin Sharpe was the fifth son of Levi Sharpe who married in 1810 Elizabeth Freeman who was born in Sussex County, New Jersey and died in 1831. Levi's brother, John, married a sister of this Freeman girl.

The Freemans came from Germany, settling in Sussex County, New Jersey and later in Pennsylvania where William Penn gave to them some real estate near Sharpsburg, Venango County, Pennsylvania. Levi and his brother, John Sharpe, were the children of Henry Sharpe and Mary, his wife, the latter being a sister of General Daniel Morgan of Revolutionary War fame.

In the spring of 1824, Levi Sharpe and his wife moved to Brown County, Ohio, where Mrs. Sharpe died in 1831. Levi died three years later.

Benjamin and his twin brother, Daniel, then went to live with their uncle, John Sharpe, on Cross Creek in Washington County, Pennsylvania, where Benjamin remained until the second day of December, 1835 when he came to Steubenville and became an apprentice in the tailoring trade for the period of five years and one month.

Thereafter he conducted his own tailoring business until 1850.

Mrs. Ruth Sharpe, a cousin of Mrs. Stewart, has Benjamin Martin Sharpe's day book containing his charge accounts for about eighteen years beginning with 1841. I have read parts of it. It makes interesting reading. For the most part the items appear to be repairing pants for the munificent sum, usually, of 25¢. There were numerous other items, of course, including waistcoats, coats, and men's apparel in general. The name of "Dr. Stanton," a customer, appears many times. He must have been a very reckless man with his trousers because they were constantly being repaired at the price of 25¢.

After quitting the tailoring business, Benjamin M. Sharpe engaged in the livery and undertaking business, in which he remained until the time of his death. He served two terms (1881 and 1883) as Sheriff of Jefferson County. His son, Benjamin L. Sharpe, my wife's uncle, a charming gentleman, carried on that business for some years after his father's death.

My wife remembers to have seen her grandfather in the latter days of his life and when confined to his bed, dressed up in a white, stiff-bosomed shirt which he wore over his night clothes.

He was a very generous man in all his business relations,—too generous in fact for his financial good. He endorsed the promissory notes of some persons engaged in the woolen mills in Steubenville, who failed financially, costing him his quite substantial fortune. He endorsed notes for poor people which ultimately he was required to pay. While the bookkeeping he conducted for his tailoring business is quite exact in its description of the



items, sometimes the name of the customer was rather indefinite. That carelessness carried over into his undertaking business, where frequently his records would merely contain such items of identification of the debtor as follows: "To coffin for big colored man"; "to burial of red-headed man." Of course it is no wonder his fortune was dissipated.

Mrs. Stewart's grandmother on her mother's side was Nancy Davis McCracken, the third child of Hugh and Sarah Jane McCracken. They were not related.

Hugh McCracken was born in Ireland in 1777, and while I do not know the date of his death, he was buried in the old cemetery in Steubenville where the Grant School was later located.

His wife, Sarah Jane, was born 1804 and died October 24, 1878 in Washington County, Pennsylvania. She was an interesting character. She was wooed and won at the mature age of sixteen years by Hugh, who was then some twenty-seven years her senior. At that time she was attending a private school, and although the family suspected the love affair and protested, she ran off and married this very elderly Hugh. He was engaged in the grocery business in Pittsburgh. Their marriage turned out happily, although her husband died early in life after leaving her with five children. We have a picture of Sarah Jane McCracken taken in her later years.

One of their daughters, Eliza B. McCracken, conducted a private school for girls on North Third Street in Steubenville. Mrs. Stewart's mother, Nancy Gertrude Sharpe, received her education at that school. Miss McCracken was quite successful with her school. Later she



removed to Pittsburgh where she there conducted the same sort of school for young ladies.

Mary McCracken, the daughter of John B. McCracken and a niece of Sarah Jane, conducted a small conservatory of music in New York City and later in Steubenville. Her father was a distinguished-looking gentleman and in his early life took a prominent part in civic affairs in Steubenville. He was instrumental in building the early water works. He was a member of my father's church in Steubenville.

One of John B. McCracken's sons, George, was an intimate friend of my father. He had an Irish wit that effervesced, especially at unexpected times. His sayings have been household words in our family for many years.

The second daughter of James Robertson Steele and Nancy Gertrude Sharpe is my wife, Nellie E. Steele. We were married at Steubenville November 12, 1902,—my father and her minister, Rev. Thomas Hanna, both officiating.

Mrs. Stewart has two sisters—Miss Mabel G. and Miss Hilda M. Steele. The former keeps house, and the latter is a most experienced and efficient teacher in Steubenville public schools. My wife and her sister, Mabel, graduated from the famous Female Seminary at Steubenville. Hilda graduated from the Steubenville High School and attended Beachwood School near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Their brother, Henry Edward Steele, is a graduate of Western Reserve University with the degree of A.B. and of the Law School of the University with the degree of LL.B. He enlisted in World War I as a private and be-



NANCY DAVIS (McCracken) Sharpe







SARAH JANE MCCrackEN



came a Captain, stationed at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio. He is presently in the employ of the United States Government.





## VIII MY FAMILY

MRS. STEWART and I have had two children,—William Steele, born Christmas Day, December 25, 1904 at high noon, and James Ross, born March 4th (the day of President Taft's inauguration) 1909 at 5:00 a. m.

Bill married Sarah Pope, October 27, 1928. She is the daughter of Henry F. Pope and Sally Collins Pope, of Cleveland. They have three children,—Sally, Nancy and Peter.

Our old family doctor and friend, William F. Brokaw, wrote a bit of poetry about that wedding which I cherish.

Jim married Elizabeth Cobb, November 21, 1935. She is the daughter of Francis M. Cobb and Mildred Ford Cobb. They have four children,—Mary Loretta, James Cobb, Susan and William Ross.

Both of my sons went through the grade and high schools of East Cleveland. While their grades in grammar and high schools, which I yet have, show that they gave close application to their studies, thereby meriting their high grades, they also took an active part in athletics.

Bill was Captain of the Shaw High School football team and took part in swimming and track contests. At that time Shaw High School had an excellent football team. Once Bill suffered from an abscess near the base of his tongue, which of course prevented him from play-

ing. A few days preceding a crucial game, a group of the players with their coach came to our house in East Cleveland,—probably hoping that they could persuade Bill or us or the doctor to let him play. By happy circumstance, both physically for him and for the game which they later won, the abscess broke that night and Bill was thereby enabled to play.

Jim also played football for Shaw, and later, on the Andover football team. Bill and Jim both played on the Yale football teams,—Bill, however, being deprived in one season by a broken leg and, in another, by an operation for appendicitis, from playing as much as Jim. Jim played in his freshman year and on the varsity during his entire college career.

Bill entered Yale direct from high school in 1922 and graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1926. Jim, after finishing high school, had one year at Andover, Massachusetts,—graduating from there in 1927. He also graduated from Yale in 1931 with the degree of A.B., and later, from Yale Law School in 1934 with the degree LL.B.

During part of Bill's high school and college days he worked during his vacation at The Lincoln Electric Company, Cleveland, in the shop, studying welding. Shortly after graduating from Yale, his company sent him to San Francisco, California, where he was in charge of its West Coast sales office. During that service he returned to Cleveland and married Sarah Pope. In the summer of 1930 they returned to Cleveland with their baby, Sally, where he took charge of the District Sales Office for that company, in which business he has been continuously and successfully engaged.



Jim, upon graduation from Yale Law School, entered my firm's law office in the fall of 1934, where he received some considerable experience in trial work. On June 1, 1942, he received a Captain's commission in the United States Army and was assigned to the International Division of the Service of Supply. During that service, on the 23rd of April, 1943, he went to the London office of that department where he served until December 20, 1943. Upon his return he was made Deputy Chief of the Department, stationed in Washington, D. C., and, shortly thereafter, its Chief. He was promoted from time to time and attained the rank of Colonel in 1945.

The United States War Department conferred upon Jim the Order of the Legion of Merit, and by direction of His Majesty, King George VI, England gave him the Order of the British Empire.

Upon his honorable discharge from the Army, November 28, 1945, he returned to our firm and on January 1, 1946 became one of my partners.

In 1903 my sister Ida married Wilbert J. Austin, a graduate of Case School, who later received the degree of Doctor of Engineering. For many years prior to his death on December 4, 1940 he was the President of The Austin Company and brought it to a very fine state of efficiency and standing in the industry. They have two sons,—Allan and Donald and a daughter, Margaret. Allan graduated from Yale, Sheffield Scientific School, in 1927 with the degree of Bachelor of Science. He entered the service of The Austin Company and has become its Secretary. In World War II he entered the department



of Allied Military Government, taking his training at the Virginia Military Institute. He was assigned to service in Italy where he remained for two years. He was promoted to the rank of Major and was honorably discharged on December 5, 1945.

Donald G. Austin graduated from Yale in 1931 with the degree of A.B. He also entered the service of The Austin Company and became Sales Engineer. For many years he has been located at Houston, Texas. He entered the Navy as Lieutenant, Junior Grade, and was promoted to Lieutenant. Most of his service was rendered in the Navy Yard at Boston, Massachusetts.

My sister Ida's daughter, Margaret, attended Connecticut College. She married Mr. Charles G. Rodgers, a Trust Officer of the Central National Bank of Cleveland.

The name of my younger sister, Lena Delta, was acquired at the time of a famous exploration of the Lena River. Apparently the euphony resulting from the description of the entrance of that river into the Arctic Ocean through its delta favorably impressed my parents. Accordingly, they named her Lena Delta.

She married James N. Washington, a fine gentleman who has been engaged as a druggist all his life, most of the time in Cleveland. He is of the old school and an exceptionally good pharmacist and has conducted a fine business. He has two sons, both of whom were in the service in World War II, the elder Harvey enlisting in the Marines was finally commissioned a First Lieutenant. He had quite an experience in fighting the Japs in the Pacific. The younger, Robert, enlisted in the Navy.

My brother Edward James married Sarah Hanlon. He died suddenly as a result of a hunting accident at his

game preserve near Kerrville, Texas, in 1929. His widow survives and lives near there.

My brother Frank Y. lives in Youngstown, Ohio. He has one son, Dallas, who attained the rank of Lieutenant in the Navy, serving most of the time in the Pacific Ocean.

### A PREACHER'S SON

I HAVE accomplished the main objective I had in writing the foregoing pages. But it occurs to me that my grandchildren might, perhaps, possibly, maybe, in the future, have some of the same curiosity respecting my own experiences as I have had respecting my father's early experiences. Hence it may be that what follows also will interest them.

I have already mentioned the practice in my family, of finding chores for us children to do. As I became older, fourteen or fifteen, that seemed to be a somewhat settled habit. Perhaps some of those experiences may not be amiss in describing my younger days.

In one way or another I have earned some money ever since I was eight years old. It came from sources outside of the family. It was not given or received under the modern term of "allowance," which most usually is without consideration being given. In short, I preyed upon the public rather than upon the family's private finances.

I have mentioned some of the work or chores I did before going to Steubenville. When I reached Steubenville I was a sizeable boy, able to do heavier chores. In order that I could continue in gainful employment, father secured for me a job with J. H. Hawkins & Company. Mr. Hawkins was a fine old gentleman and con-



ducted the best dry goods store in the city. My job was to arrive about seven o'clock in the morning, open up the store, sweep it out, take down the covers from over the goods and dust the counters, so that the store would be ready for business at eight o'clock. Then I went to school.

At noon I returned to run a few errands, delivering some urgently-needed packages. After school I returned to the store and used Mr. Hawkins' horse and buggy to deliver packages. It seemed to violate the social standing of some of the store's customers to carry packages, and accordingly, many little insignificant items had to be delivered. I remained until the store closed at six o'clock,—closed it up, carried the key home and repeated the procedure the next day. On Saturdays I spent a full day at the store.

In addition to that work I carried the new goods which were delivered to the store on the sidewalk, upstairs. There was no elevator in that four-story building. Just why it was necessary to put the heavy muslins on the fourth floor and the lighter goods on the third floor, I really never comprehended, but such were the orders.

In those days, ladies usually bought their hats in just two seasons,—spring and fall,—at both of which times the millinery department of the store was in full blast. Frequently my hours were long,—sometimes considerably after midnight. But the terms "eight-hour day" and "overtime" had not then been coined.

On one of these nights when I went home I could not arouse anybody to let me in and accordingly went to the McConnville Hotel where I secured a room. Naturally I



overslept. When my absence at home was discovered, an alarm was sent out. I did not arrive home until shortly before the preaching hour on Sunday morning, which, happily, enabled my father to proceed with a little more equanimity than he had earlier displayed that forenoon in his anxious searching of the town for me.

I recall that one wet night Mr. Hawkins' nephew, ten or twelve years of age, was with me delivering some hats, which in those days were merely wrapped up in large sheets of paper with the corners pinned together. One of them fell out of the surrey "with the fringe on top" and the nephew, Nathaniel Clark, let the horse move forward, which caused the buggy to run over the hat. I picked it up, opened it, straightened out a few flowers and ribbons, pinned it up, delivered it to the customer who was waiting up late for it, and such was either her lack of judgment or my millinery artistry or possibly her charity for a careless delivery boy, that she wore it to church for Easter and never mentioned the trouble to the store.

I received the handsome wage of three dollars a week.

It was about this time that I began to feel that some of father's restrictions on the Sunday activities of his family, such as taking a ride with the horse and buggy, were a little onerous. He had been insistent that no one of his family should use the horse and buggy on Sunday. My mother was a very understanding person and she weighed the balance between father's wish and my own desire, and accordingly she and I, with some of the other children, but only occasionally, would take a ride on Sunday. Father finally acquiesced but not so heartily as to

let the bars down completely. May I say, in passing, that I repeat this as history and do not recommend it as a means of thus controlling the conduct of children on Sunday.

I should mention our schooling. Steubenville had good elementary and high schools, but our training, superimposed upon what one might properly say was not the keenest intellectual ground, did not highly qualify us to enter the grades for children of our age. I much regret that we did not apply ourselves more diligently to our schooling. I must say, however, that it was not my father's or mother's fault because they continually held out to us the necessity of a good education.

There was another store in Steubenville, a man's store, owned by a very fine Hebrew, Jonas Munker. On his own initiative he suggested to my father that he wanted me to work for him at the munificent sum of ten dollars per week. The glitter of that money almost ruined me. Although I saved some money and did not too recklessly spend it, yet those wages at my age seemed to blunt my desire to do anything more. The store hours were from 7:30 a. m. until 6:00 p. m. except on Saturdays when we closed at midnight. Neither the hours nor the work at either of those stores seemed to have deleteriously affected my health. I was not the object of special legislation preventing me from working or compelling my employer to limit my services to eight hours or to compensate me for any overtime.

At this store I had none of the menial duties which I had at the Hawkins store because they were taken care of by an excellent colored man named "Sam."



After working here for several months and having given up the thought of continuing through high school, one of my friends, Homer H. Dawson, now living in Reseda, California and then attending Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio, in the fall of 1894 began to tell me something of his college life. Also contemporaneously I had dropped into the court house one day to hear Mr. John M. Cook and Mr. Emmett Erskine, leaders of the Bar, and some others, in a celebrated murder case. Perhaps it was the sensational circumstances of the case which attracted me rather than the forensic ability of these orators. But the keenness of their arguments and their apparent command of the situation, also somewhat impressed me.

Not long after that, I went to Mr. Munker and told him I believed I wanted to study law. I think he wanted me to stay in the store, as he afterwards said, but he then very properly told me that if I wanted to study law, I had better get at it right away. Shortly after that I entered Ohio Wesleyan University and quickly found how deficient my education was. Without describing that painful phase too minutely, since the result of it has long since been apparent to many others, I applied myself somewhat seriously to such topics as history and economics. Of my other subjects, nothing really should be said.

I enjoyed my experience at Ohio Wesleyan University. Students came from a middle class society, largely seriously bent on securing an education. Established about 1844 at a time when sectarian colleges were sprinkled pretty well over the state of Ohio, it had always been, and still is, affiliated with the Methodist Church.



Its presidents and many of its faculty have been Methodist ministers. While it does not have a divinity school, many of its men graduates have become ministers and missionaries, and many of its women graduates have gone into the missionary field. It was a wholesome place to get an education.

I quickly found out how deficient was my preparation for entering college, but I have pleasure in claiming that I applied myself at least reasonably well, although it was very difficult to keep up with boys and girls who had been trained regularly in the grade and high schools of small towns and cities.

While in some of my studies my grades were good, yet I stumbled a good deal in others. The latter is illustrated by the rather confused direction of good old Professor Davies, a Welshman who never got over his brogue, and who taught German and Hebrew. In the German class it was amusing to hear him say: "Mishter Stewart, you may begin, to commence, to read." I am afraid I did just that in some studies.

It would be untrue for me to say that it was solely because of my experience in the courtroom and my conversation with my friend, that I concluded to do something more than clerk in a store.

I have left to the last the most interesting and most important part of my reason for deserting the mercantile business.

In Steubenville there was a very fine group of middle class people, into whose circles I gradually entered. There was a small group of about a dozen girls in their early teens, and of boys a couple of years older. Very quickly I was attracted to a brown-eyed, brown-haired

girl, Nellie E. Steele. No other one in that circle or elsewhere seemed ever to attract me. She was one of five children, four of them girls.

I believe I first met her at school, but shortly after that her father and mother sent her to the "Female Seminary" in Steubenville and accordingly I did not see her at school. I sometimes got a glimpse of her when delivering store packages to her home. By the way, she was the last graduate of that Seminary. In a history of Belmont and Jefferson Counties (1880) by J. A. Caldwell, there is a long descriptive article of this seminary. It opens thus:

The most venerable and successful female seminaries (sic) in the middle west.

We refer to a noble institution yet (1880) in the prime of its usefulness, and one that has during the past half century, contributed a gratifying quota of fair ornaments to society, and laborers in the Lord's vineyard far beyond the confines of this continent. It is none other than the far famed Steubenville Ladies Seminary, opened by the Rev. Dr. C. C. Beatty on April 13, 1829.

The article says it had (down to 1880) 4500 graduates.

Mrs. Stewart is one of those "fair ornaments to society."

It seems to have slipped in prosperity for Mrs. Stewart was in the last graduating class in 1897.

She seemed to think that I might improve my future and encouraged me to go to college to become a lawyer.

The usual social activities in those days consisted in small house parties and picnics in the country. I finally had the use of our horse and buggy after store hours.



We frequently drove to such places as Island Creek, and Bethany, West Virginia, and, by the way, there were two tunnels on that road.

I always felt I was a pretty good horseman, and such was my reputation. But I was a little upset one time when one of my boy friends, Joseph Kithcart, and I concluded we would take Nellie and her sister, Mabel, to a picnic at New Alexandria. I had one horse, as did Joe, but neither of them had been driven double. He had a double carriage and harness so I took our horse to his house and we hitched them up. Joe was a poor driver and I would not trust these girls or myself to his driving. Accordingly, I drove, and in order to see whether these animals were fairly hitched and would travel together, I drove them around one section of the town before getting our girls. I concluded the horses were reasonably well settled and we started on the picnic.

In leaving the town, I drove down Third Street, when suddenly one of these horses jumped forward, which pulled the carriage up against the other, which then jumped forward, and by this alternate process of jumping, the horses got well under way. I was not able to hold them but I hung on, even to the extent of ripping my coat and vest while straining on the lines. Joe had asked me to stop and get his overcoat, but when we were going past his home at a terrific speed, he very quietly said: "You don't need to mind getting my coat this time."

In that wild dash, the girls were thrown out one at a time, and after the horses ran a half mile or so, I finally landed them against a telegraph pole, catapulting myself over the dashboard, down between the horses. Looking back and finding the girls were on their feet, although



Mabel's hair had been pushed up through the crown of her new Knox hat, and Nellie had lost a shoe, I held the horses until we could get them loose. I then took my own horse, hitched him to our buggy, and reported back to my father, where we lived only a short distance away. He asked me what I proposed to do. I supposed I was to turn the horse in, but he said: "If you want to go to the picnic, get in and drive that horse and make him run uphill, but hold him before he gets started to run downhill." I did so and took my girl to the picnic and we returned safe and sound.

Whenever we went on picnics, there were some of the boys who couldn't handle a horse, and it was my job to unhitch and hitch their horses for them. On one such occasion, a July Fourth, with firecrackers all around, my horse was the last on a ferry crossing the Ohio River. He started to back off the ferry. I got my girl out of the buggy and a man held onto the horse, keeping him from backing off. When the other carriages were off the ferry, my horse went up the bank of the river practically on his hind legs, but my girl was along with me.

#### LAW SCHOOL

WHILE in Ohio Wesleyan, my father's term as Presiding Elder of the Steubenville District expired and he was appointed to the Broadway Church in Cleveland. He accepted that appointment, not so much because of the importance of the position but hoping that it would give us children better educational advantages. He and mother willingly made every sacrifice for our advantage. As for me, it was a fortunate step. I remained at Ohio Wesleyan but did not graduate. I was a member of the

Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity. I entered Western Reserve Law School in 1897, graduating in June of 1900.

By the way, when I recall the expenses of my sons at Yale, which I do not criticize, and compare them with mine of a previous generation at Ohio Wesleyan, it seems that either serious inflation had taken place in the meantime or that my requirements were not as heavy as theirs. Two hundred and fifty dollars a year was a big amount for me to spend. My room was a dollar a week, and my board, about two dollars per week.

I believe that my choice of the law was a real disappointment to my father. I recall that in our first summer at Steubenville he suggested that I would do well to take a business course at his own college, Scio, which I did. I learned something about bookkeeping and shorthand, and acquired a fair handwriting, and also learned something about the conduct of some of the young men who proposed to enter the ministry. My father probably felt that going to his old college and being associated with a group of these ministerially-minded young men would have a persuasive effect upon me. If so, I quite disappointed him.

As to the Law School, I am pleased to say that my grades were reasonably good. I found something which really interested me and worked at it.

While attending Law School I was invited to be one of the organizers and charter members of the Ranney Chapter of the legal fraternity Phi Delta Phi. We had an excellent charter member list, most of the members of which have achieved very important positions in the legal and civic life of Cleveland.



It became necessary to secure the consent of various chapters of this fraternity to establish our chapter. I was selected to secure the consent of the chapters at the Cincinnati Law School, Chicago University, and the law school of the University of Wisconsin. Practically all of us being short of funds, I was furnished with a railroad pass in the name of one of our members, then a city councilman and, not having a suitcase of my own, I was furnished with one by another member. His name was emblazoned on the end of it. I have often since thought of the difficulty of my identification, had it been necessary, owing to my riding upon a pass under another name than my own, and having a suitcase bearing a name different from each of them.

I secured the approval of all three chapters and our Ranney Chapter of Phi Delta Phi was established.

While attending Law School, Mr. Samuel Austin, a member of my father's church, our neighbor and later my sister Ida's father-in-law, hired me to keep his books, which I did at night and on Saturday. He paid me ten cents an hour. He had a half dozen employees at his carpenter shop adjacent to the office and to his house, and did all of the planning, supervision and purchasing himself. He never transacted any business on Sunday.

Ever since that time I have retained connection with that business. I shall mention it later.

Upon graduation, which I remember very pleasantly because the girl who became my wife attended it, I sought a place in a Cleveland law office.

Mr. Oliver M. Stafford, whom I have mentioned, gave me a couple of letters to various firms but I was un-



successful. However, another Broadway friend, Mr. William J. Springborn, did help me although in a different direction. Mr. Springborn was a young city councilman much interested in the development of that part of the city where we lived. He became Chairman, and I, Secretary, of the Seventh District Improvement Association. Neither of us received any compensation but he felt that he would like to do something for me and accordingly he secured for me a political position in the Tax Department of the City in the City Hall, then located on Superior Avenue at about the place where the Public Library now stands.

It was my job to study unusual pieces of property which were to be assessed for taxation and to report the facts to the department head. Being a city job, it rated the very high salary of \$80.00 per month. Within a couple of weeks after graduation I was on the City payroll and engaged in that work.

#### PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATIONS

IN THE meantime I was casting about for a place to practice law. One of my law school friends, Mr. William J. Starkweather, who was with the firm of Dickey, Brewer and McGowan in the Cuyahoga Building for about a year, was about to move to California. Unknown to me, he had recommended me to that firm. He introduced me. I was told that I would be expected to keep the files, the charge accounts, write up the books, keep the docket, and, if called upon, to make briefs. At the end of my interview with the Dickey firm, Mr. McGowan, a partner, concluded by saying he supposed I would want to know how much I was to be paid, and then said that I

would be paid \$25.00 per month but that I could keep the notary fees, to which, of course, I readily assented. I gave up my \$80.00 job.

It was a good firm headed by a Mexican and Civil War veteran, Moses R. Dickey, who had the misfortune to have been in a railroad accident, with the result that his hands had been burned, which caused him to more or less continuously rub them. He had a very large head, a cataract on one eye, and the other one somewhat out of line.

He and I vied with each other as to who would be at the office earliest, with the result that we were both getting to the office at seven o'clock in the morning. Whether that was mere unselfish competition on his part or a desire to have me to do more, I never knew.

I went with that firm in the fall of 1900 and stayed until February of 1901, when Mr. Homer H. McKeehan, later my friend and partner of years standing, asked Mr. McGowan whether he could offer me a place. Mr. McGowan assented. I interviewed the old firm of Hoyt, Dustin & Kelley but was rejected at that time in favor of another lawyer, a member of my Law School class. Shortly thereafter it appeared that the firm needed another young lawyer and then I was offered the place and accepted it. In the meantime, by adding to my salary of \$25.00 the notary's fees and a few items which I had earned for myself, I was getting about \$80.00 per month, which was fixed as my salary. I entered upon the new service February 2, 1901 and have been with it, and its successors, ever since.

At that time, Mr. W. C. Merrick together with Mr. Benjamin P. Bole, then young lawyers in the office, an-



nounced that they would organize their own law firm and were about to leave the office. It has been one of my great pleasures that almost immediately upon his leaving the office, Mr. Merrick was retained for some special firm work relating to coal fields in West Virginia, and when that work was completed he returned to the old firm, where he has been ever since. As a gentleman, lawyer, friend and partner, he is not surpassed.

My late partner, Mr. Homer H. McKeehan, has done such a splendid job of writing up the history of our Firm that I shall assume that the reader of this is already familiar with that history.

My first general work was to handle the personal injury business for the American Shipbuilding Company, which had just been formed, consisting of plants from Buffalo to Duluth; the firm of Pickands, Mather & Company, which operated numerous mines in the iron ore section, docks and steamships; the Pittsburgh Steamship Company, then just organized; iron ore docks along the Great Lakes, as well as the investigation of personal injury claims for the insurance companies which we represented. Reports from these operations had been coming to Mr. Merrick's desk but when I arrived, I fell heir to them. Due to their volume, it must necessarily have been true that many of them received a lick and a promise because, on account of these widely-scattered industries, I travelled probably a half to two-thirds of my time over the Great Lakes, the docks, steamships and shipbuilding plants. I would investigate these accidents, and those that looked more serious I would request that they be investigated by



lawyers in places I could not reach, such as the iron ore mines. Many times I have dictated fifty letters a day about such matters.

I had a very brief experience in the admiralty work shortly before Mr. Cottrell came to the office. I was sent to Chicago to investigate a salvage case in which the Steamer Victory, Captain Mallory, had played a very important part on Lake Michigan. Knowing that I was ignorant of marine matters, I asked Captain Mallory and Lon Arnold, his engineer, to give me some quick education on nautical terms and also on the theory of salvage, before I took the statements of the crew. They very kindly did so. The statements proved to be effective in establishing the salvage claim.

When I first entered the office, Mr. Dustin and Mr. Hoyt were in the process of organizing a railroad, later known as the Fort Smith & Western Railway Company, out in Arkansas and Oklahoma. It was a most unfortunate experience because it not only lost money, but due to the very strong confidence, particularly of Mr. Dustin, in that enterprise, he induced many of his Cleveland friends to invest their money in it, which to a considerable extent lost him their confidence. I was the first president of a coal company which was owned by that railroad, and recall signing nearly a thousand bonds. Evidently it was thought best to use the name of an unknown "young man" as the first president, than the name of a man of high standing,—on the theory that the thing might fail and only the young man would have the ignominy of having his name on defaulted bonds.

Mr. McKeehan had hoped that he would be relieved of the personal injury trial work but that was not to be for two reasons: First, he loved it so himself and did not really want to give it up, and secondly, it was not long after I entered the office until I became more interested in the business side of advice to clients than in the trial of personal injury cases.

It was, however, a fine experience because a lawyer must understand the necessity of very thorough investigation, the method of handling the cases before a jury, and in that field of work there is really nothing so sharpening of the wits of a trial lawyer as to defend personal injury cases.

I was somewhat drawn away from that work by the investigation of numerous other cases, such as involved the title to iron ore properties, breaches of contract for delivery of machinery and the like.

In 1904, after my brother-in-law, Wilbert J. Austin, entered his father's business, they kindly asked me to incorporate it. Mr. Samuel Austin paid in in money, accounts receivable and property, \$12,500. That company is worth a great many times that amount today,—all of it from earnings. I know of no business connection which I have had that has afforded me as much pleasure, genuine interest and solicitude for its welfare as well as substantial fees for my firm, as The Austin Company. The religious views of Samuel Austin and his son begat fine character and industry, and those qualities produced financial success.

Under the wise and courageous leadership of Mr. George A. Bryant, who succeeded to the management



of the company upon the death of Mr. Wilbert J. Austin, that company has not only prospered financially but has maintained the highest degree of efficiency and has continued the hallmark of character and integrity which has been stamped upon it from its birth. Those principles have assured that company its success. There is integrity not only in the word of its contracts but in their spirit. Also, its policy (which I helped to inaugurate) of keeping out of lawsuits wherever it was reasonably possible, has been wise. The latter policy, while it has cost the company money now and then, nevertheless has earned it a very fine reputation.

While commenting on that company, may I further say that it performed most excellent service in World War I and World War II. Its experiences, however, in those wars were different. In the first it had had no experience with Government contracts and accordingly treated the Government as it had treated its private contractors,—not knowing that the business policy of Government is not and cannot be as fair as that of private persons. Accordingly, when the war was over we found ourselves with about three-quarters of a million dollars in dispute with the Government. That dispute lasted for several years, running through the various Departments of the Government,—particularly the Bureau of Yards and Docks,—and finally winding up in the Court of Claims. Fortunately we collected practically all of the money we claimed, but unfortunately, it cost the company, in expense and lawyers' fees, a very large amount of money.

I prepared and filed in the Court of Claims the first petition growing out of failure of the Government to



pay under its wartime contracts, which form has been used in books on forms for that purpose.

The next important litigation the company had grew out of the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial. Again the company relied too much on the good faith of that city,—with the result that when its money ran out, the company had expended some \$600,000 more than it had been paid. I retained the services of that distinguished lawyer and great citizen, George Wharton Pepper, of Philadelphia, who argued our case and finally won it.

When World War II came along, we had had plenty of experience with governmental departments, and Mr. George A. Bryant, then the president, following the death of my brother-in-law, Mr. Austin, December 4, 1940, put into effect a rigid system of holding the Government to its contracts, thereby profiting by the experience of our company in the earlier war.

The net result has been that while the company during this last war performed for the Government close to a half billion dollars worth of work, we do not have one lawsuit. That has saved the company a great deal of time and expense. One of the reasons for that result was the presence of my partner, Mr. Walker H. Nye, at the company's main office for a couple of years, advising it when troublesome questions arose.

In substance, when one has been connected with an institution like The Austin Company, which has performed more than a billion dollars worth of work in the United States, Canada, England, France, China, Russia and South America, he feels he has had some considerable experience and a great satisfaction. I have had the

pleasure in numerous business trips from coast to coast, of meeting the splendid organization of this company.

#### SOME BUSINESS CONNECTIONS

IT WILL be sufficient to briefly mention certain business connections which it has been my pleasure to have over a long career.

In my family I have frequently been accused of giving a "blow-by-blow" description of not only my golf games but of other events which have interested me. I will refrain here, at least partially.

I became a member of our Firm in 1913. I should add here that all of my advancement through this firm, both as to salary and percentages, was voluntary. I never requested an increase in either.

Shortly after my introduction to the personal injury business in the office, Mr. Charles McVeigh, then general solicitor for the United States Steel Corporation, held a series of conferences in New York City, attended by counsel and claim agents of its various subsidiaries handling personal injury matters. Mr. James H. Hoyt and I attended those meetings. While they were interesting, and the claim agents especially had wide experience in the matter of claims and settlements, and the lawyers exchanged views with respect to trials, damages, and the like,—it seemed to me that the effort was largely ex post facto and that the meetings failed to deal with the underlying question. After several of those meetings I thought a good deal about the question of prevention of accidents. At that time, Mr. George H. Beaumont and Mr. Henry S. Pickands, of the firm of Pickands,



Mather & Company, had held some meetings of the superintendents of their mines, docks and ships on the subject of accidents and their cause. I attended them.

I developed the belief that the main thing to do was to prevent accidents. Accordingly I worked out, somewhat in consultation with Mr. Beaumont, a plan of inspection of the plants of the Steel Corporation in order to find danger spots and then to prepare rules and regulations to remedy them.

I mentioned this subject to Mr. Hoyt, who had a keen, imaginative mind, and he said that it was fundamentally sound and that he would introduce it and sponsor it at the next meeting.

This meeting was held at the offices of the Corporation, 71 Broadway, New York City, and presided over by Mr. McVeigh, with the assistance of a very brilliant young lawyer, Mr. Raynal C. Bolling, who was assistant counsel. I should mention here that Mr. Bolling later lost his life in an aeroplane accident within the German lines in World War I. The airfield at Washington is named after him.

I recall that Mr. McVeigh, starting to the left of the circle of some twenty-five or thirty men, inquired of them, beginning with Mr. Andrew Squire, whether they had any new thoughts respecting the personal injury business. Mr. Hoyt and I sat together, with Mr. Hoyt on Mr. McVeigh's right, the last man to be queried. When the questioning came around to me, I said that Mr. Hoyt had a plan to propose and I would defer to him. He then took my suggestion of creating an independent board of personal injury experts who would be in the service of the Steel Corporation and not of the sub-



sidiary companies. That board would be financed by the Corporation independently of the subsidiaries and it would be the board's duty to establish an office, hire inspectors, and send them out through the various plants with a view to studying safety conditions. Reports would then be made to that board which, upon consideration, would refer the reports to the several subsidiaries for consideration and action.

While there was some comment by the claim agents and officers of the subsidiaries to the effect that such a board would take away from them their responsibility for their own business, yet the plan was finally unanimously adopted.

In the afternoon, Judge Elbert H. Gary, then President of the United States Steel Corporation, came into the meeting, as he sometimes did, and was informed by Mr. McVeigh of the adoption of this plan. Judge Gary replied that he would approve it and would take steps to authorize the funds necessary to finance it.

At Mr. McVeigh's suggestion, the representatives at this meeting adopted a resolution thanking Mr. Hoyt and me for the presentation of this plan.

That plan, with some modifications, has now been in operation a great many years and many millions of dollars have been spent by the Corporation and the subsidiaries in the worthy cause of preventing people from being hurt or killed. It has saved thousands of lives and hundreds of thousands of accidents.

I mention this because it was an unusual approach in that it found the controlling factor. Also I mention it because, speaking as modestly as I can, it is an illustration of the difference between the usual approach of the

lawyer and that of the lawyer who also keeps in mind the general purpose of business.

For many years, first Mr. Hoyt and then Mr. McKeehan, had performed such small services for the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce as were required, and always free of charge. While I had helped during Mr. McKeehan's terms to change that a little bit and to be paid for services, it was not long until I was called upon to do the legal work for the Chamber. I became much interested in its general activities, not only because I felt an interest in the civic phase of its work but also because its very efficient Secretary, Mr. Munson Havens, was my next door neighbor for some eighteen years. Amongst Secretaries of Chambers of Commerce, he was reputed to have been the ablest, although not given to pushing himself forward. The Cleveland Chamber likewise under his administration was amongst the first two or three Chambers in the United States.

While counsel for the Chamber, I became a member of certain of its committees, amongst them the Labor Committee. Then as now, union labor in the city of Cleveland, particularly in the building trades, had a monopoly of that work, and in order to enforce their demands there were a good many instances of violence resorted to by it. I was in charge of the investigation of these matters for a number of years. The best any jury would do was finally to convict the chief of the labor unions here, who, when he was convicted, was promptly sent to Sandusky, Ohio as a guard at the Old Soldiers Home. Such was the cowardice of jurors, prosecuting attorneys and even judges in those days.



In 1924 I was elected president of the Chamber, and for my term (one year) gave it a great deal of attention, probably two-thirds of my time.

I originated the industrial meetings that were held in the new Public Hall and which were a great boon to the industries of Cleveland. The speaker at one of those meetings was my very warm friend, Mr. J. F. Lincoln, and while since then he has become a gifted speaker, it so happened that as soon as he got on his feet at that meeting, he forgot how to open his speech and, accordingly, he delayed quite a perceptible time before saying anything.

I think it but fair to attribute to the fact of my presidency of the Chamber certain business relations which I later made and enjoyed—amongst them being a director of The Ohio Bell Telephone Company, a director of The Central National Bank, and a trustee of the Society for Savings.

While president of the Chamber I delivered an address at the laying of the cornerstone of the telephone company's main office building when my friend, Mr. Charles P. Cooper, now the executive vice-president of The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, was the Ohio company's president.

### NON-CONFORMIST

I HAVE mentioned the temperance pledge I took as a small boy when living in Perry. Perhaps a word or two here may describe me a little better than that mere historical fact.

The situation of being a teetotaler—non-smoker—somewhat regular church attendant—a non-patronizer of



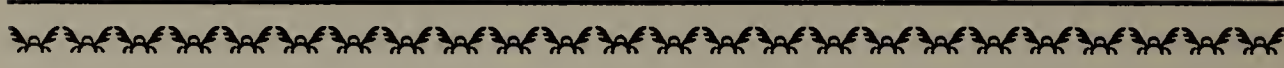
night clubs—a poor patronizer of movies—a lover but not a student of good music—one who refuses to tune his soul to jazz, boogie-woogie and jitterbugging—a conservative in politics who abhors the New Deal—has made me different from the masses,—not better, but different. It has cost me friends, lively associates, and, sometimes, I regret to confess, has given me an uncomfortable feeling of aloofness.

I have taken second-hand my tobacco smoke and the bouquet of liquor, and have witnessed the less attractive effects of excesses upon some of my friends.

Probably some may say I have taken pride in being a non-conformist, a bit peculiar. Perhaps so, even if pride is not a virtue. But I have never caused a fire from being careless with smoke, nor, by taking liquor in the presence of children have induced them to look upon the wine when it is red, in the belief that they will never use it to excess and never become its slave.

From my point of view, but not that of the masses, the use of liquor has brought to the people more sorrow, loss of character, friends and fortune, more woe, strife and wounds than its passing stimulation is worth.

I regret the growing acceptance by the masses of the people that it is necessary to be like others. On that basis we might as well be ants, bees or Russians. I remain a non-conformist.



## IX HOMES

THE remainder of these rambling comments may be more interesting to my immediate family than to others.

Upon removal of my family from Cleveland in 1900, I boarded with a widow lady, Mrs. Eva B. Palmer, the daughter of Mr. Abraham T. Brewer, in whose office I began the practice of law. But after our marriage, Mrs. Stewart and I lived in a suite on the fourth floor of an apartment house, since torn down, but then located about opposite the Polyclinic Hospital on the present Carnegie Avenue, then known as East Prospect Street.

In the summer of 1904 we moved to 125 Burt Street, now 2313 East 95th Street. Our son, William S., was born there. Later we moved to 2280 of the same street, where our son, James R., was born.

In 1910 we bought a house at 1873 Rosalind Avenue, East Cleveland, where we lived until 1929. Our sons went through the grade schools and Shaw High School of that city. We next moved to the home we built at 2680 Chesterton Road, Shaker Heights. The latter move was made in May of 1929 at a time when, as later events developed, the country was living in a fool's paradise. About the same time our law office moved from the Guardian Building into the Terminal Tower, and my church, Epworth-Euclid Methodist Church, was finished and occupied.

I was the campaign manager for three different financial campaigns to raise money for the church. It seemed rather easy to get promises, and also money, at least until the fall of 1929. Fortunately, since that time, our church debt, with which we struggled for a number of years, has been practically liquidated.

These three major moves occurred right in the teeth of the financial gale which was to sweep this country with terrible devastation. I am happy to say, however, that our family reefed its sails, battened down the hatches, and so conducted itself as that we were able to ride through the financial storm reasonably well. We lived cheaply, had a small Ford automobile, and were careful with our expenses. Looking backwards, I feel the experience was not too bad.



---

---

## X A TRIP ABROAD

IN 1924, the American Bar Association adjourned its regular session at Philadelphia to meet in London, England, as the guest of the English and Canadian Bars. My wife and mother urged me to attend that meeting.

I sailed on the Steamer *Laconia* in the latter part of June, 1924. It was too late to make hotel reservations but fortunately my partner, Mr. Homer H. McKeehan, who had a reservation at the Hotel Savoy for that summer, was unable to go abroad and I secured this beautiful room which overlooked the Victoria Embankment. Landing at Liverpool, I arrived in London about 1:00 on a Sunday morning. I recall with a great deal of curiosity the uniformed attendants at the Savoy who swept me on, even at that late hour, from one to another and finally ushered me into this gorgeous room equipped with about a dozen enormous mirrors, some several feet wide and extending almost to the very high ceiling; cupboards for clothing sufficient to stock a small haberdashery; beautiful linen, not cotton, sheets, and silk coverlets for the bed. The service was excellent. The valet would have almost disrobed me to take care of the pressing of my clothes, and "boots" was anxious to find my shoes outside the door.

The view was out over the Victoria Embankment and on that night the moon was full, the tide was out, leaving

a number of small vessels like derelicts lying in various careless postures on the banks of historic old Thames.

In the morning we received our programs and credentials for the receptions, dinners and entertainments.

The two most unique entertainments I attended were a dinner at the Middle Temple,<sup>8</sup> given to us by its officials and the reception at Westminster Hall. It was at this dinner that I formed the acquaintance of Sir J. Anthony Hawke, at that time Attorney General to the Prince of Wales who, later as Edward VIII, abdicated, turning his back upon his inherited duty to the English people, so that he could marry an American adventuress.

The Middle Temple dinner was held during our prohibition days and I much regret to say that several years legal, but not actual, thirst of our American Bar members, superimposed upon the disposition of the American to go the limit in forbidden directions, and especially when the spirits were of fine quality, generous in quantity, and free—put many of them *hors de combat*. Notwithstanding the frequent toasts drunk in many different kinds of excellent liqueurs and wines to that gentleman, Sir J. Anthony, who sat immediately across the table from me, and to each of which he generously,

---

<sup>8</sup> The American Bar Association published two volumes reporting the visit to England, Scotland, and France. A supplement to the July 1924 issue of *The Law Journal* gives a good description of the Inns of Court, the Middle Temple, the Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn. Five signers of the Constitution of the United States were educated at Middle Temple. One of them, John Rutledge, was nominated by President George Washington to be Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. *The Story of our Inns of Court* by D. Plunkett Barton, *et al.*, gives a much more complete history of the Inns of Court than the books above mentioned.



cordially and copiously replied, he never gave any intimation of inability to soberly hold all he took.

Of the addresses at that dinner, recorded in the American Bar Association's books upon that visit, the English were far superior to ours.

They had the Churchillian merit of brevity, the selection of a fundamental point which the speaker wanted to make clear, and the use of well selected words to express that idea. The speeches of our own representatives, for the most part, were speeches and not addresses. I was thoroughly disappointed and quite ashamed of the mediocrity of the substance, the delivery, and the length of time it took to unload such generally worthless cargo.

At the close of the dinner, Sir J. Anthony proposed that he and I gather up, using his language, "the less inebriated of our friends" and he would take us to his Garrick Club. We drove there in his Rolls Royce automobile. Very courteously, upon our arrival, he proffered more libations which found a ready acceptance by my friends, in consequence of which they shortly again became incapacitated, which, fortunately for me, permitted me to accept the invitation of my host for a thorough tour of the Club under his guidance. The Club contained many of the mementoes of the famous actor, David Garrick.<sup>9</sup>

---

<sup>9</sup> I have a copy of the program of entertainment afforded by the English Bar. The most interesting piece is the "Command" (invitation) by the King and Queen, to Buckingham Palace. I have clippings from the various newspapers giving the principal events, such as two dinners each at the four Inns of Court, the Guild Hall, the Law Society, the receptions and other kinds of entertainment. Included also are editorials from the London

*(Continued on page 135)*



Out of that acquaintance grew a correspondence with Sir J. Anthony which covered the full period until his sudden death October 30, 1941. True to his English courtesy, he wrote in longhand, which I was pleased to adopt for myself.

Some years after that visit he was appointed by King George VI to the King's Bench Division, where he made a most excellent record.

My son, James R., went abroad in 1931 and called on Sir J. Anthony at his home at St. Ives in southwest England. When in England in 1943 during World War II, he called upon Lady Hawke, who gave him a photograph of Sir J. Anthony which I framed and have hung in my office.

Another entertainment was held in Westminster Hall. This old Hall, begun in 1097 by William Rufus, the Norman, is a part of the Westminster Palace which formerly housed the kings. In the Hall the courts, both law and equity, sat until 1882, when the Law Courts on the Strand were built. In it the famous trials of England were held. The Earl of Essex was tried after Queen Eliza-

---

*(Continued from page 134)*

Times and a particularly interesting account of the Guild Hall dinner and the Lord Chancellor's reception at the Palace of Westminster. There are newspaper pictures and an account of the presentation of the Blackstone Memorial; pictures taken at garden parties, one of which shows the lordly importance of the Bar members, and the changing (if not attractive), style of his womenfolk's apparel. There is a picture of the Lord Chancellor, Judges and Barristers of the English Bar, seated on the ancient steps of Westminster Hall while Lord Haldane, dressed in the medieval costume of His Majesty's Lord Chancellor, addressing the guests through the medium of the modern loud speaker,—a strange contrast.

both became tired of him. Charles the First received his sentence to death in it, and shortly after was executed at Whitehall. The Seven Bishops were tried there but escaped conviction. Macaulay tells of the trial and acquittal of Warren Hastings. Many of these spots are marked by brass plates in the floor. Some of those events turned the pages of history for England. For some years past, even in this country, the Chief Executive adopted a policy paralleling the activities of Charles the First in his effort to set aside Parliament.

At this reception the Lord Chancellor and the judges of England, all dressed in their gowns and wigs, in procession, marched to the South end of the Hall where had sat both the law and the equity courts. Back of them were gathered the barristers and other representatives of the bar.

The procession was made up substantially as follows: First, the Tipstaff; then the Secretary to the Lord Chancellor; then Sir Seymour Fortescue, who carried the massive mace of authority; next the Purse; then the aged Lord Chancellor, Lord Haldane, who was followed by Lord Parmoor; then president of the Privy Council. Next followed the ex-Lords Chancellors, including Birkenhead and others.

Amongst the many fine expressions of cordial welcome given was this by Lord Haldane: "I have always thought the great event of 1776 a fortunate event in the end. I believe it has done more to fashion and strengthen ties between the people of the United States and the people of Great Britain and Canada than anything else that has happened in the world's history."



There were numerous other events such as a trip to Lady Astor's home, a reception at the home of Ambassador Frank B. Kellogg, a trip to Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of George Washington, a church service at Westminster and St. Paul's, and other important events.

However, the main social event during the week was the reception at the King's Garden Party. We had engraved invitations and instructions with regard to our dress, time of arrival, and the like. One of the instructions was that we were to carry "canes, or umbrellas tightly rolled." I suppose it would be difficult to conceal a bomb in either of them.

Mr. A. V. Cannon and his daughter Josephine and I met at their Hotel, the Waldorf, on Aldwych—we two men being dressed up in English-acquired high silk hats and in our morning clothes. Mr. Cannon, with that deep voice of his, said to the driver of the hansom, merely—"Buckingham Palace." The coachman rather incredulously said "Sir?" Cannon again, with that deep, guttural expression, repeated—"Buckingham Palace,"—to which the coachman replied "Aye, sir," and off we sped at the horse and buggy gait for the King's reception. After having exhibited our cards of invitation to three separate persons, we went into the Palace and wandered around the main hall observing some of the old portraits of former kings and queens of England. Presently, we saw groups forming on the westerly side of the Palace which opened on a large park of some 30 to 40 acres. There we saw the King and Queen come out from the Palace, but soon they separated, making two reception lines for us Americans who were anxious to see them.



The King carried an umbrella although there was no sign of rain in the sky. I followed along a short way on his journey to the far end of the garden, and was only some two or three feet from him on a couple of occasions. He chatted with anyone who wanted to ask a question or make an observation. I did neither.

I then went to the Queen's line. Queen Mary is a taller person than the King and she had on her usual type of toque hat which quite becomes her. She lived up to what one might rightly describe as a regal presence. She was very gracious and talked to the ladies of the party as well as to any man who had courage to speak to her.

Shortly, the King and Queen, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes and Ambassador and Mrs. Kellogg, met at the far west end of the park.

There were several incidents which impressed themselves upon my mind, two amusing and another unfortunate. On the south side of the garden, running the whole length of it, was a large awning serving as a sort of canopy under which there were tables bearing ices, tea and sweets. Professor Cheadle from the law school of Oklahoma very courteously undertook to gather some of those refreshments and bring them back to Miss Josephine Cannon. Without watching his step, however, he caught his gray-spat covered shoe in a guy rope of the canopy and sprawled headlong, with the tea washing all over one of those gray spats, his silk hat on the ground, and his cane flying in a different direction. We helped him up and he then noticed the damage to his footgear. He promptly sat down, took off the spats, and put them behind the post. It was said in the London newspaper the next day that after that party the Americans had

shed their spats to such an extent that there was a vast pile of them behind the King's stable.

A more embarrassing incident, however, was the presence of the Prince of Wales. He is not a very large man and, at this particular time, dressed up in silk hat and morning clothes, he was walking back toward the Palace under the careful but vigorous support of a couple of men similarly dressed.

The farewell reception to our Bar Association was given in Westminster Hall. We went through the Victoria Tower, through which kings and queens for centuries have passed. We were received by the Lord Chancellor and the ex-Lord Chancellors. That was the most elaborate reception of the many given. The English newspapers said it was the most magnificent gathering of English people except at a coronation.

This was in the days of long dresses for the ladies, uniforms and decorations for the English hosts and their English guests, and dress suits for our own Americans. The English ladies with their stately carriage, wearing all their jewels, attending with their husbands, well deserved the compliments bestowed upon them when they grace public occasions. Some of them wore small crowns because of their own, or their husbands', position in the titled rank of English nobility or officialdom. I was informed that many jewels which had not seen the light of day for a long time had been taken from the safety deposit boxes for that occasion. Some ladies wore collars studded with diamonds, pearls, rubies, amethysts, and other precious stones. There were bracelets, strings of pearls, and pendants.



To us it was a little amusing to see the dress of the men in uniform, some wearing swords, some decorated with gold and silver braid, and some carrying hats with large plumes.

Here again I met Lord Birkenhead and his wife. He had a uniform which could be likened to a high naval officer's uniform, although I do not recall its name. He carried a three-cornered hat with a large feather in it and wore a state sword. As customary, his eyes were nearly shut, but his ideas were clear and his words beautifully chosen. It was a pleasure to converse with him.

Also I met Sir J. Anthony Hawke and Lady Hawke. He had a gorgeous uniform but was without a sword.

I should say that this was one of the most interesting and colorful receptions that any man could attend. Here also there was a humorous incident. I had introduced Mr. Cannon and his daughter Josephine to Sir J. Anthony and to Lord Birkenhead. Engaging in brief conversation, we stood together in a small group. An English waiter, with a true sense of service, as well probably as some hope of its reward, very nicely attended us, bringing us sweets, and so on. Mr. Cannon, with his customary generosity, reached into his pocket for a substantial reward and handed a coin to the waiter. The waiter, probably more accustomed to the feel, and certainly to the looks of their coin than was Mr. Cannon, sidled up closely to him and faintly whispered—"Have you made a mistake, sir?"—exhibiting to him at the time a twopence. Cannon, quite embarrassed, finally got out the half-crown which he thought he had given the waiter.



The newspapers the next day said of this reception that there had been nothing like it in the history of London except at a coronation. I can well understand that praise.

A day or two later I went up to Edinburgh by day train, seeing something of the beautiful English country which, twenty-five years later, was turned into an arsenal. There we were tendered a reception at Parliament Hall. About fifty American lawyers were present. In this beautiful old hall a Kiltie band strode up and down playing those stirring Scotch pieces on their bagpipes, until it was possible only by lipreading to understand what your neighbor was saying.

The next day we were taken to Linlithgow, the birth-place of Mary, Queen of Scots. It is not my object to write her history here, but figuratively, at least, one can see her imperial, wayward but vigorous conduct all over the pages of Scotch history.

On that trip, of course, it rained. One of my acquaintances, Judge John E. Relstab, a United States District Judge from New Jersey, and I teamed together. We were met there by a Kiltie band which headed a procession and marched us through the pouring rain under an old arch which had stood for centuries as an entrance to the castle grounds. The Lord Mayor of the city, resplendent in gold chain and seal of authority, stood on the steps of the kirk and gave us a warm welcome, while the cold water poured down our necks. Judge Relstab quietly informed me that he was taking a chill. I moved him out of the audience and spoke to a Scotchman, telling him that this gentleman needed a strong drink of whiskey,

to which he replied—"Aye, aye, sir," and from then on I saw nothing and heard nothing from the Judge until the following day.

The minister of the kirk who followed the Lord Mayor had some pity in his soul for us and brought us into the kirk for his speech. We were later ushered through this old, abandoned castle and shown the location of the room where Mary was born. We saw the vast kitchen where whole oxen could be roasted, and went down the steps to a well probably seventy-five feet deep, which furnished water for the castle. That was an interesting experience. I saw the castle again in 1938.

The next day I found Judge Relstab had recovered from his immersion, inside and out, and he and I took a ride Sunday morning in a victoria driven by a Scotchman. I know the Scotch are acquisitive, but this acquisition rather astounded me. As we passed a small cemetery in Edinburgh, the driver called to our attention a statue of Abraham Lincoln and informed us that Mr. Lincoln was buried there.

On this visit I played my first golf game at St. Andrews.

Judge Relstab and I took the beautiful Trossachs ride.

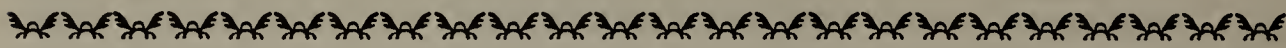
In thinking about that trip in 1924 I cannot refrain from expressing my deepest regret that now no one can have the pleasure which we had in attending those ceremonies, particularly the dinner at Middle Temple, the garden party at Gray's Inn, and the receptions at Westminster and Buckingham Palace. The Temple Church and Middle Temple itself have been practically leveled to the ground by the Germans, and will have to be rebuilt.

Upon my return home, I acknowledged to Sir J. Anthony my indebtedness for his courtesies, to which he

very kindly replied. We kept up our correspondence somewhat intermittently but continuously, until his sudden death October 30, 1941. Some parts of his correspondence I am sure will be interesting if anyone chooses to examine it.

I have presented to my office a three volume account of the meeting of our American Bar Association in London, Scotland, and Paris.





## XI ANOTHER TRIP ABROAD

ABOUT the first of June, 1938, my wife and I went to England on the SS Normandie and there met my sister, Ida, and her husband, Wilbert J. Austin. We toured the southwest of England, then north to Edinburgh, then to the Trossachs and down through Glasgow back to London.

I had not informed Sir J. Anthony that I was coming, and, therefore, early in June I surprised him in his chambers when he was sitting at the Law Courts. After greeting me, his first statement was that I probably had wondered why he had not accepted my invitation to visit us in my country. He said that he had had to try the famous Wallis Simpson case. It so happened that she, the playgirl friend of Edward VIII, sought a divorce so that she could marry Edward. It was believed by some of the unthinking people in this country who were unacquainted with the respect the common Englishman holds for his royal house, that she would become the Queen of England. The case was docketed at an Assize which shortly was to be held by Mr. Justice J. Anthony Hawke. In passing, I should add that Mr. Justice Hawke had previously informed me that, although he had been Attorney General in the cabinet of Edward when Prince of Wales, that position was a quite onerous one, wholly honorary and without remuneration.

The case came on for hearing before him and, as he told me, upon the record he was obliged to and did enter a decree of divorce in favor of Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

Our newspapers carried, rather sensationally, some of the details of the case but I did not know his feeling about it until I met him at the Law Courts. He then told me that after granting that decree he had received such unfair criticism from this country that he had decided he never wanted to see it.

He said that the burden of the criticism was that he should have called Edward, King of England, as a witness. After that statement, I knew he would never come here.

At this meeting he informed me that he was presently the Master Treasurer of the Middle Temple, which means its chief officer, a most honorable position. He invited me as his only guest to the semi-annual dinner shortly to be held on the fourth day of July, 1938. I reminded him that we had special reason for observing that date, and that he was very generous to invite an American at that time.

This was one of the two most important dinners of the year. The previous one, in April, was usually attended by some members of the Royal family. At this time, however, there was no royalty to be present but instead there were judges, soldiers, diplomats, barristers, bankers and others.

Having accepted the invitation, I turned to go when, extending his arm full length and pointing with his index finger at me, he said: "July Fourth, 7:30, tails."

At the appointed time I appeared and met him in the room which the Middle Temple provides for its Master



Treasurer. It is somewhat larger than my present office, with a small fireplace, some very fine old furniture and ringed with beautiful books on the walls. He and the other Benchers wore gowns but not wigs. By the term "Benchers" one must remember that they are the members of the Inn who have obtained real distinction,—whether in the law, statecraft, journalism or even in business. I there met his distinguished guests. I recall that amongst them was the Chief Justice of the Irish Court, a judge from South Africa, a famous English engineer from South America, the Chairman of the Board of the Westminster Bank of England, a newspaper publisher and other men of prominence.

After visiting a short time, I suddenly heard the blast of a horn nearby. Thereupon Justice Hawke came over to me and said: "Come on." We went to the door of his room, in front of which stood a man with a horn,—an old cow's horn with gold bands around it. He was dressed in the old English silk breeches and silk stockings, with fancy buckles on his shoes. Ahead of him stood a man with the mace of authority on his shoulder. I was amazed. I was even more embarrassed. Suddenly I realized that my good friend had conferred upon me the very great honor and distinction of being his only guest and that we were first in the line of the procession of these notables.

With modesty that I am not otherwise usually credited with, I rather hung back; whereupon he turned to me and said: "Come on." We then walked into the hall under the famous old screen, behind which it is reported Queen Elizabeth sat when in 1601 Shakespeare played "Twelfth Night," and which was made from Sir Francis



Drake's "The Golden Hind." We went up the righthand side of the hall and crossed at the west end to a beautiful table. When we got to the far end of the table my host, in his very strong, bold voice, said: "Stand by me," which I did. Someone handed him a card bearing a printed invocation which he read, thanking God for the food and winding up with a "God Save The King." We then sat down,—Justice Hawke at the head of the table, the Chairman of the Board of the Westminster Bank on his right and I on his left. This table, he told me, was made from an oak tree given to the Middle Temple by Queen Elizabeth some time before 1600. While I am not exactly certain of the measurements, I think it was about thirty feet long, about four inches thick and about three and one-half feet wide. It was the most beautiful piece of English oak I had ever seen,—polished by the hands of hundreds of attendants over the years. There was no linen on it. It is reputed that at this table Queen Elizabeth signed the death warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots. The only dress or ornament for the table were the silver candelabra, silver bowls, silver salt cellars and other sorts of silver dishes. I have no recollection of the food. I do recall that Justice Hawke had his silver glass decanter of substantial size for his whiskey, which was the only drink he had. For the others, various wines and liquors were served.

He recalled, without any suggestion from me, my abstention many years before at the dinner where I had met him, and without any thought or suggestion on my part directed the steward to bring the best cider the Temple had. He did so in a beautiful silver pitcher.

There were no speeches at this dinner, but conversation flowed freely,—largely upon the question of whether Roosevelt would run for President again,—at least that was the subject at my end of the table. There was very great discussion of the debt England owed to the United States, and I thought the Englishmen took a very long-headed view because they said they believed it would be to England's advantage ultimately to pay that debt in full. I heard no one comment that they shouldn't pay it at all but I did hear a request for a lowering of the rate of interest. Of course subsequent events have now made all of that impossible.

At the conclusion of the dinner, Justice Hawke turned to me and said: "Here's a custom you will never see elsewhere." Whereupon an official of the Temple set down in front of him a most wonderful silver bowl about the size of a dish pan, containing water and ice cubes. He then said: "This is an interesting tradition but I don't observe it." In the meantime the table had been cleared, leaving it completely bare. Thereupon he pushed this silver bowl down the table to the next person and I noticed that each of them dipped his hands in the cold water, stroked his brow and the back of his ears and his lips as well, with his fingers. Justice Hawke said: "You will want to know the origin of that custom," to which I replied that I would. He then said that in the olden days the old Benchers would eat so much of strong meat and food and drink so much hard liquor that they were in danger of getting apoplexy and therefore they put their hands in the cold water and soothed their faces as well as back of their ears with the cold water in order to relieve the pressure. While normally I cannot vouch for the



medical results of such a habit, I do record it as the reason he gave to me.

In the course of the dinner I noticed that an officer was bringing him some little short penciled notes. He turned to me and said: "This is interesting. If any of these men on the floor want to leave the room for a visit home, business, a trip or otherwise, they must get my permission." He said: "Here are three or four of the requests,"—one of which was by a young man who wanted to go to the hospital because there was to be an addition to his family. That was granted. Another reason given was that one wanted to take a train to Oxford. To this one he replied "There is a later train."

When the cold water had been generally applied by the guests and Benchers, he said to me: "Come on" and rose from the table, I following him. He then said: "Stand by me." At this time a printed blessing of the dinner was given to him and he read it in his strong English accent, again closing with a "God Save The King." Thereupon we headed the procession, following the official who bore the mace, and went out of the hall by the same door through which we had entered. I assumed we were going back to his room for social conversation, but just before we got to that door the procession turned right and went along the hall for some twenty-five or thirty feet. In that hall there were portraits of royalty and distinguished members of the Middle Temple. Also there was the coat of arms of Templars of Old, down to those of Edward VIII. We entered a room about twice the size of my present office, in the center of which was a square table, at which those



of us who had sat at the main table in the other room sat down. There were probably thirty in all. At this table I was seated on the right of Justice Hawke and my acquaintance, the banker, on his left. It there turned out that we were to have the usual tea or coffee, and ices, sweets and cigars.

Again, there were no speeches,—just social conversation. I should add, however, that it was not trivial. I heard no jokes told but the discussion was directed to solid, substantial items of politics, business, the United States, and the relations of the Dominions to the Empire.

On this table there was no linen but a number of beautiful pieces of silver manifestly of great value. I remarked on a fine centerpiece of silver and gold, which stood some two feet to two and one-half feet high and which was about four to six inches square. It was elaborately carved with figures and was a very handsome piece. Justice Hawke told me that it had been given to the Temple by one of England's great men on account of some distinction which his nephew had obtained through the Temple. It was a world-famous piece of unknown origin but hundreds of years old. Upon receiving the gift, the Temple called in appraisers for the purpose of evaluating it for insurance. They told the Temple of its history but said it could be appraised at any price the Temple chose to put upon it because it was a museum piece and was valuable for its antiquity and workmanship. The appraisers being asked the amount of their fee replied they had none; that the mere pleasure of being able to examine it was full compensation for any services anyone could render in appraising it.

After being seated a while, Justice Hawke suddenly said,—pointing to the opposite end of the square table: “Mr. Junior”; whereupon the gentleman addressed, replied: “Master Treasurer,”—to which the Justice then replied: “The King.” In a rather sotto voice, everyone there said: “The King” and drank the toast seated. My host said to me: “You will notice we did not stand up and that all I said was ‘The King.’ ” I told him I thought it was quite unusual. He said: “The Middle Temple is the only group of people in England permitted to toast the King while seated,—a right which we have held through long centuries of tradition.” I do not remember the reason for having acquired the right.

The dinner proceeded when suddenly the same ceremony was repeated: “Mr. Junior”—“Master Treasurer,”—to which Justice Hawke replied: “Domus.” The next one was along the same lines except that it was “to the absent ones.” At each of these toasts Justice Hawke took a knife in his hand and hammered with the handle on this bare table. Looking at the spot I observed that probably scores and scores of Master Treasurers who had preceded him had also hammered on that particular spot because the table had there been beaten to a jelly. That spot must have been a foot or more in diameter and it was really thoroughly punished.

The most interesting toast was the following: Justice Hawke turned to me and said: “Here is something that is very unique.” Whereupon the greeting between him and the Mr. Junior being over, he pointed his long arm to Mr. Junior and said in a heavy, stentorian voice: “Ring the bell.” Mr. Junior arose, went to the side of the room and pushed a button; whereupon waiters came



in with the coffee. I told him I thought that was a wholly unnecessary custom. He said, in substance, it made no difference whether it was necessary or not; it was one of their traditions to which they clung.

As we arose from the table we passed by a fine old sideboard of considerable length, upon which there were many more pieces of beautiful old silver. Amongst the objects was the horn which I have previously mentioned,—a regular cow horn with bands of gold upon it here and there either as ornaments or as a means of holding it together. When asked by a guest whether Justice Hawke could blow it, he picked it up and gave it quite a blast. He said that the origin of its use arose out of the practice of hundreds of years before when the young men, students of the Inn, were called from across the Thames where they were “coursing the hare.”

We filed out without any formation and went to Justice Hawke’s room where we visited for an hour or so. When ready to leave, he invited me to ride with him and took me back to the Queen Anne’s Mansions.

Some time after our return from that trip abroad, I sent him a bushel of peaches which arrived in good shape. When I recall that on this same trip one day at Bath the steward of the dining-room brought around a small box about eighteen inches square containing peaches wrapped in cotton so as not to touch each other, and that the price of them was two shillings each, I felt sure that the Hawke family would enjoy a bushel, which they did.

The two dinners I attended at Middle Temple were most unusual and probably the most interesting affairs I ever attended.



During the German bombing of London in World War II, the Temple Church was practically destroyed and the Middle Temple all but destroyed. Pictures of its devastation taken from the London Times are preserved in an envelope attached to the back of an etching of the Middle Temple hanging in my office.

I was more than delighted with the refreshed acquaintance with Mr. Justice Hawke and after my return kept up the correspondence probably more frequently than previously. It was apparent that war was coming nearer and nearer and that gave us something more to discuss. He complimented me by saying that he learned from my letters it was very likely if England were attacked we would be in the war.

I noticed from his later letters that they were not as legible as formerly but I was totally unprepared to read in the New York Times that on October 30, 1941, he had passed away quite suddenly. He was holding court on the Essex Assizes at Chelmsford at that time. Some days after his death I received a letter he had written just a day or two previous to it.

Shortly after that, I met Lord Halifax at a dinner and inquired whether he knew any of the details. He said he was in London at the time and that he had written a memorial for the newspapers.

It has been my privilege on many occasions to make addresses. Generally I have enjoyed it, although frequently it was all too easy to accept an invitation which, when the time came for performance, found me immersed in other work.

I early adopted the practice of taking one, probably not over two points, for discussion, outlining them carefully and putting the outline on small pieces of paper. On rare occasions would I read an address. I mention two; one at the laying of the cornerstone of The Ohio Bell Telephone Company's main office, 750 Huron Road, Cleveland. The other was at the 1936 Ohio State Bar meeting at Toledo, Ohio. At that time the New Deal Administration was in full swing and to those who thought deeply on the question, the scope of its destructive policies was becoming manifest. I read a pamphlet entitled "Taking our Bearings," and later published it for circulation amongst my friends. I discussed the crises through which this country had come down to this time, and the danger to our form of Government which the New Deal policies created. One of the issues at that time was the then cautious but insidious criticism of the United States Supreme Court, which later developed into an outright demand for control of it by the President. The closing paragraph reads thus:

And so, after nearly four years of grappling with the 'emergency' by the previous Administration, which held we could not spend our way out of it; after the securing of office by the present Administration through the devious plan of adopting a platform which it has wholly repudiated; after leading the people up the blind alley of unattainable goals; and after its plans have failed and the failure has been judicially determined, it is high time that this Administration be brought to judgment on its ability and its integrity; otherwise this country, like a ship in distress, will continue to wallow in the seas of trouble with a pilot who has no use for sails, compass or rudder. It has continued to wallow all too long.

This country will bear the scars of that Administration's policies for at least fifty years.

At that meeting the late Senator James Reed of Missouri, also a critic of the New Deal administration, and the late Albert C. Ritchie, Governor of Maryland, spoke in similar vein. These addresses stirred at least the political risibilities of many of the lawyers, and I recall a good deal of the very sharp criticism addressed to me because of my attitude. I am happy to say, however, that several of my critics have since then completely changed their views and very manfully have acknowledged to me that they were wrong and I was right.



---

---

## XII MORE PARTICULARLY TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

IT HAS been my main purpose in the preceding pages, to give enough of the incidents of my parents' lives to enable you to know something about them.

It may be from what presently appears to be your sheltered position in life that you will ask: "Why say anything more?" At the risk of losing your interest, or the possibility of your verdict of approval of the foregoing, may I say something more?

My description of the humble position of my father and mother may be unnecessary and not even especially helpful in understanding the history of their early days. Others have done as they did and better; others have described those days better than I.

My father's army experience was not so extensive or outstanding above that of others of the Civil War as to require its recitation; nor is the education which he obtained by his own rough-hewn efforts, nor the fact that he rose to a fair degree of prominence in the ministry, sufficient reason for lengthy comment.

Also there are other women who have done as well as my mother. Many other fathers and mothers have done all those things and are doing them and will continue to do at least as good a job as they did.

But my parents did have some advantages you do not have, such as, the discipline arising from the necessity

of sticking to one job, with the result that they gave it their undivided attention instead of being distracted, as you may be, by the numerous activities of these modern times,—the movies, the automobile, the radio, and the innumerable demands upon a student's time which necessarily result in some scattering of his efforts. But more than the necessity of sticking to one job helped them. They were surrounded by a vital religious atmosphere which molded their lives and the attitude of people generally toward each other. Therefore, I have felt fairly justified in describing some of those more primitive conditions and mentioning at some considerable length the success which a young minister and his child wife achieved, notwithstanding conditions which you might think would have been at least difficult or even impossible to overcome.

Contrasting the conditions which they surmounted, with the greater material assets at your hand; with the likelihood that you may be unembarrassed by the necessity of earning your own way through college and therefore able to devote your entire energies to securing a fine education; with all the physical advantages of a highly-mechanized age which are at your doorstep; with the best teaching by skilled teachers; with better colleges than then existed, and with a dozen opportunities for every one which they had,—justifies my hope that you will advance beyond anything they accomplished.

The increase in material helps in your life over theirs is a great advantage, but due to their multiplicity and their attractiveness they have the ability to detract from the main job,—whatever it may be. Be sure that they are your servants instead of your master.



With your permission, may I comment a little further?

In comparison with the high position which many others have attained in this country, my parents were quite ordinary, simple folk who achieved real success even though not high position.

While they came from good old Anglo-Saxon stock, too much pride in one's ancestors should not be taken in a democratic country. It might be used to the disadvantage of other citizens just as worthy but who in our opinion did not hail from the favored land of our ancestors, and might be used as a substitute for disciplined, energetic work on one's own part. Nevertheless, it is a comforting thought to recall that the greatest and most successful struggle by man for his individual freedom occurred in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, from which your ancestors came.

While it is important to remember that in the 5th Century before Christ, Athens established a democracy out of which grew some of the greatest philosophers, statesmen, orators, mathematicians, sculptors, poets and architects of history, and to remember that her influence was deeply engraven in the laws of the Roman Empire, yet the expressions of the form of liberty to which we are accustomed were revived in England in her contests between Kings John and Charles I and their subjects. We should remember also that in England our freedoms of religion, of speech and of the press were first firmly established.

We therefore can take some pride in the belief that our remote ancestors participated in the founding of those freedoms which have now been built into our own Constitution.



Nor is our success based on our natural resources. When the Fathers landed at Plymouth, this country had the same kind of resources as now, but the Indian tribes had attained no great success in converting them even to their own uses. Russia, India, Europe and the isles of the sea had and have great resources but their people have been at least backward in developing them. Natural resources alone do not account for the freedom and success of our country. And it is not based on the skill of our people. We are nearly all of European extraction and mostly from England. Probably thirty million people from Europe and England have migrated to the United States. But even those from whose English stock we came did not in England approach our material success in achieving a good, indeed, a fine, living for our people.

Remoteness from Europe's troubles is not the foundation of our success. It may be said that this was an advantage, helpful to us, because it shielded us while we worked out our system of democracy and therefore our successful living.

It may be that you will be perplexed by the babble of tongues discussing the reasons for the success of this country as well as for its failures,—all under our democratic institutions. In my humble opinion it is our democracy which is based upon our freedom of religion, of speech and of the press, and not our English or European stock, our physical isolation from Europe nor our resources, which has set us apart from the older European countries. It is that freedom which must be preserved.

How can we protect that freedom?

Under our Constitution, freedom of religion, of speech, of the press, of schools, and our ability to roam where we please, has enabled us without limit to worship as we like, to state our views, to become cultured or remain uncultured, and to work or not, as we pleased. That is the underlying reason for our success.

Coupled with an ample storehouse of natural resources and, until recently, protected from attack by two oceans, we have arrived at a position of tremendous responsibility to the world for the freedom of men, which justifies and indeed compels us to regard ourselves as the world's leader in the economic and industrial field as well as the champions of the liberty of man.

While we have had failures, they are the failures of free men who because they are free can right those failures by a resort to true democratic processes. The people of totalitarian countries have no such power except by revolution. Occasionally we have and will continue to have financial depressions, unjust laws, unfair and partial administration of laws, crime waves, and the taking of unfair advantage by one bloc of people over the others, and other unbalancing misfortunes which under totalitarian government a dictator could quickly remedy for the time being, but those instances are not permanent failures in our form of government through a Republic. They must be rectified by a free people but, to the extent that they are not, are a fair price for the other freedoms we enjoy.

I come now to the serious question of our willingness and our ability to protect those freedoms.

Our share in two world wars would seem to be sufficient answer to the question of our willingness. The chief



cornerstone in that protection is to make sure that each of us in this country understands the meaning of our freedom, our individual relation to it and that we have a sincere desire that it be preserved against all attack, including our own.

On that basis we will be secure at home and can fairly claim our freedom is better for man than regimentation under a totalitarian government. That cornerstone is not yet well set. There must be an improvement in the fiber of our citizenship.

The fundamental factor in that improvement is a deeply religious experience. Without a real spiritual life we will not rise to our full strength but will be sunk deeper in materialism and finally will lose our liberty. That improvement also includes the cessation of the practice of creating class hatred, an unsavory device popularized by a demagogue for vote-getting purposes over the recent period of about twelve years; the softening of our individual strength by the acceptance of gifts from a government which takes from one to give to another; the ending of the claims of one bloc of people to advantages over another; the recognition that an all-powerful State destroys man's liberty, and that the regimentation of his daily life weakens him and makes him a servant of the State instead of its master.

We must also recognize that an honest day's work must be given for an honest day's pay, and that an honest day's pay must be given for an honest day's work; that labor unions as well as business can have too much power; and that the blind Justice finally will weigh both labor and management in her evenly-balanced scales.



To grasp the importance of these freedoms and our place in the world at large, it is necessary that we know the history of man and his striving for liberty, and that we understandingly read the history of other countries, the oppression of their people, their reaction to it and their search for a better life. While we may suffer for a while the inconvenience from changes due to the internal strifes of other countries, we must not long submit to their attempts to destroy our capitalism. A supine tolerance of those attempts ill befits free men.

Finally, we must be as sure that we do not forcibly impose our democracy upon other people who are free to select their own type of government as we are certain that they do not impose their type of government on us. Even as to countries defeated in war, ultimately after their release from the domination of their war lords and after having cleansed their own thinking of ambitious designs to overpower other peoples, they must be accorded the same freedom we claim for ourselves.

If we can make these improvements and firmly establish in our country a deep respect under a Republican form of government for the liberties of our own people, then such new threats as Communism from abroad will not be dangerous.

Although the present Russian government is committed to the spread of Communism throughout the world, it is not yet too late to hope that the Russian people will realize the danger of that policy if not its futility and that ultimately they will take counsel of wiser men and desist from bringing on a world-wide conflict between the war lords of totalitarianism and free men.

The Russian government maintains its totalitarianism under the cloak of the word "democracy," but as Mr. Arthur Bryant, the English historian, points out, Abraham Lincoln's description of our government as one of, for and by the people requires the union of all three of those phrases. The Russian government may be admitted to be one for the people, and of the people, but clearly it is not by the people. It may be, therefore, when those suffering people come to know more of the trinity of the phrases of, for and by the people, they will establish a government "by the people."

In conclusion, stand fast for the freedom of the people from the power of the State, from the power of any bloc of our people, and create in these United States a type of government, a standard of citizenship and of living which will be a beacon-light for the freedom-loving peoples of a war-ridden, weary world.

I trust that in the future some other Stewart will make a deeper search of the history of his more remote ancestors than I have made of the recent ones, and that he will have as much pleasure in his discoveries as I have had in these poor pages.





# APPENDICES



## APPENDIX 1

Camp of the 43rd Near Marietta, Georgia, Nov. 12th, 1864.

Dear Wife & Children, it has been a long time since I have had an opportunity of writing to you anything like a satisfactory letter. What few letters I did write were wrote hurriedly but I think today I will have time to write a better letter. I have not been getting any letters from you. I have received none since the one you wrote on the 20th of Sept. You was sick at that time and I have felt quite uneasy about you ever since. I hope however you may now be in better health. My health is good except my cough it is pretty bad this fall but I have been on duty all the time. Our Army left Atlanta more than a month ago except one Corps which was left there to garison the place. We were following up Hood's army for the purpose of driving him from our railroad in which we succeded. They would not stand to fight us. We lived principlly off the country and lived verry well too. We stoped here about the 6th and had our election on the 8th. I was paid up to the last of August. We were paid on the 10th and yesterday the 11th I sent to you by the State Agent Eighty Dollars to be paid through the state & county treasury. You will receive yours from the Carroll County Treasury of which you will receive notice. I hope it may reach you soon for I know you are in great need of it. You will just use it to suit yourself. Make yourself just as comfortable as you can. I have full confidence in your judgement in laying it out properly. I do not expect any more pay until I am mustered out of the service which will not be before the first of January and it may be longer for there has been great neglect on this head. And from every appearance we are about to enter on another heavy campain. If so we may go through to the Coast. It is supposed our destination is Savanna but just as soon as I can I will be home. Do the verry best you can. Tell my children



one and all that I want to see them verry much. Tell them to be kind to each other and to you. Tell them I have not time to write letters to them now. The boys in the Regt. of your acquaintance so far as I can think are well. Tell John Wrightmass folks he is well. I have not saw nor heard from the 74th since I wrote. I would rejoice to see this dreadful war at an end but it does not look to me like the end was very near, yet I hope God in his mercy may save our Nation and bring Peace to our now disturbed people. But I must bring this letter to a close for we are to have a great General Review today at 1 o'clock and I must get ready for that. So good day for this time. I will write again as soon as there is a chance of sending letters. When you write direct to my adress Co. G, 43 Regt. OVI—via Nashville or Chattinnooga. Write often

(Signed) Wm. R. Stewart

to his beloved Wife & Children.

Keep this receipt or else give it to the treasurer just as they require.

Remember me when far away  
and don't forget for me to pray.

## APPENDIX 2

Kilgore, Carroll Co. July 1st, 1865.

Dear Son,

We received 2 letters from you yesterday evening. We was much hurt to hear of the death of Lemuel. It is another warning to us of the uncertainty of life.

We was happy to hear that you were so well. I hope you may still be blest with health. You will do all you know to protect your health. I would advise you to get wild cherry bark and drink watter off it. It is good for the stomach & liver and a preventative to ganders. I am thankful that you do not neglect writing to us often. I hope you will still continue to do so. We are all well. Mother & Ant Margaret are going out to Rumley today in the buggy. Lyda is working at the Preachers & Sarah J. is at Grandpaps. Uncle Josh pays her 1 dollar pr week. He has got the most of his money. The weather here is showery and good for corn. I hope by the time winter comes I will have something laid up to live on. I have bought 2 pigs & I think I will try to buy a good young cow soon. Our horses are doing well. I have them in pasture. I don't see how I could get along without them. We have good neighbors for they have lent me a waggon whenever I needed one.

I was a little down hearted when I wrote last but you know I don't keep so long. Well I must thank you for offering to help me some. I shall comply with your wishes by puting \$250 of your money out on interest. I will let some safe man have it. Our potatoe and corn on the lots is good & so is mother's garden. They have caned some cherries for you when you get home. Betsy Carter is married to a one eyed man.

Well Harvey the one year men have ben for months coming home right off but it seems to be about played out with them for a while. I hope you may get home soon but if you can't keep in good heart and do the best

you can. Be careful and don't contract bad & sinful habits. Remember that God sees you and if you ask he will give you strength to do right. I trust he will take care of us all and bring us together in safety. But I must close for the present by giving you the love & affection of one and all, So goodbye for a while.

To my dear son, Harvey, by your Father

(Signed) Wm. R. Stewart



## APPENDIX 3

Calloway County, Kentucky, Feb. 11th, 1866.

Dear Daughter:

I shall still continue to write to some of you although I get no letter from any of you. I think it is not your fault for I have no doubt you have wrote many. I wrote a letter to Harvey 5 or 6 days ago and if you direct as I ordered in that, I am in hopes there will be no mistake but your letters will find me. I have moved across the river into Calloway County, Kentucky. I have just finished puting up and finishing off a shanty. I have made it warm & comfortable. I am writing in it now. This is Sunday and it is raining here today. Mr. Robison and Love, the men I am going to chop for, have a shanty joining mine so we are company for each other. I expect to chop for them a good while. The days are geting longer and I think our worst weather is over for this winter so I will be able to begin to do better. I am tollerably well except that I sprained one of my arms yesterday. I board myself. My diet is bread, meat, molasses & coffee. I think I will be better contented than I have been. I hope you may all be well and geting along well. I have not been able yet to send home any money for the use of the family but I hope I can after a while. I have not forgot my duty in that respect. Tell Sarah Jane & Phebe I will write to them next. Tell Harvey and John that if they were here we could have chopping the whole year at One Dollar pr cord. The timber is excellent, most all ash, shell bark, hickory & poplar. If they should start to come caution them to be verry cautious of falling overboard while on the river. Also watch close that they don't get everything they have stole. There is great chances of buying land low here and if we was all here we could do well. There is some verry rich river bottom land for sale verry low. We might just as well have 80 or one hundred

acres of it as to be the way we are, but perhaps you all think you know more than I do. I think often or rather all the time of you all and I don't forget to pray for you dayly. I hope you will all pray for yourselves and for me. Tell Harvey if he starts to come to write to me. He can not miss me if he comes to Pine Bluff. They know there where I am—2 miles above that is about 60 miles above Paduca on the west side of the Tennessee River. I would like to know how much mollases you had and how the corn turned out and what come of my poor old horses. Be good to John & Ida. Give my love to Laura and all the rest. Write often.

Direct to Pine Bluff, Calloway Co., Kentucky, via Tennessee River.

From your Father,

W. R. Stewart

to his daughter,

Lydia A. Stewart.

If we never meet on earth in love  
Let us strive to meet in heaven above,  
And while we live from day to day,  
Trust in God and don't forget to pray.

## APPENDIX 4

COPY

9485, A. A.G.O. (E.B.) 1885

WAR DEPARTMENT  
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

Washington, Oct. 6, 1886

Mr. Lemuel H. Stewart  
Perry,  
Lake Co., Ohio.

Sir :

Referring to the application for removal of charge of desertion of April 25, 1865, standing against your record, as of Company G, 74 Ohio Vols., I have the honor to inform you that, as an investigation of the case has established that the said charge was erroneously made, it has been removed from your record in this office.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

/s/ M. W. Wolknear

Assistant Adjutant General.



## APPENDIX 5

Kilgore, Carroll County, Ohio,

Jan. 13th A.D. 1865

My dear friend Brown,

I think it my duty and esteem it a high privilege to have an opportunity of adressing you by letter. I was parolled on the 6th of December and got to Anapolis on the 16th where I received kind treatment and the best of atention, but from prievious exaustion together with the fategue of the voyage I was taken down with pneumonia fever which kept me down 2 weeks. The most of 1 week I knew but little being much of the time out of my head. There was several that came round with us that died at Anapolis, amongst them was old Boot, but through the goodness of God I mended a litle and on New Year's Day got my furlough and started for home but was verry weak sometimes not being able to get from one car to another at the stations without help. But there hapened to be some soldiers aboard that helped me. If it had not been for them I don't see how I would have got along. I arived at the station nearest my home on the 4th and was brought home from there on a sled a distance of 7 miles. You had better believe then there was some glad hearts. I found my dear mother, sisters and brothers all well and to make my joy more complete my father came home on the 8th well and hearty discharged from the service. His time was out. I have been mending as fast as could be expected. I am now able to walk the floor a little but it will take some time & care to put beef on me again. I will have to get my furlough extended. While I was at Anapolis I had a dream of that Red Devil Lieutnt being after me with his club. Well Brown we have both made our escape from that Rebel Hell. I hope never to bear such sufering again. Tell any of your neighbors who love the Rebs that I wish they was in one of their bull

pens awhile. It would cure them so it would never come back on them.

We used to have many a talk of what we would have to eat if we could be at home. I have reason to be thankful that we are now both at home and have everything that heart could wish to make us comfortable and kind friends who delight to take care of us. I was just thinking that you being midling well that it might be you had bussted yourself on hard tack before you got home. I don't intend to report as long as I can keep out of it honorably and if I was in your place I woldent either. It will take me two or three months at best to be fit to travel and it may be posible I will never be fit for duty again. I hope we may meet again some place that we can have a good time. I will never forget your kindness to me. I love you as a brother. My father & mother sends their sincere thanks & love to you. O how glad I would be if you could come to see us. You would be welcomed to the best our house affords. As soon as you get this letter be sure and write to me and let me know how you are geting along for you don't know how anxious I will look for an answer from you. As soon as I hear from you I will write again. I will close for the present by saying Goodnight Brown. Don't forget to write.

From your friend—L. H. Stewart

N.B. Direct to Kilgore—Carroll County, Ohio.



## APPENDIX 6

Prisoners Camp, Florence

Oct. 5, 1864

Dear Mother,

We are permitted to write letters to our friends and receive boxes of clothing and food from home, and as there are some articles which I kneed, I think it best to improve this opportunity. Please send me a blanket, socks, shirt Deceiveres and some old coat.

I should like some ham, pork, dried beef, crackers, tea,——pepper and salt and mustard, bottle of pickles in vinegar, a 2 qt. pail that will do to cook in, well filled with butter, some preserved fruit, three cans of Bordens' condensed milk and what other articles you wish to send that will not spoil on its passage of three days here.

I am in good health, but would like to get home. Hope I will be able to get there before winter.

I believe that John Stewart died on Belle Islan last Winter.

Let me hear from you soon.

With much love I remain

Your Affectionate Son

Lemuel H. Stewart

Prisoner of War 8th Detachment

Florence,

South Carolina.

Care Col. Harrison,

Commanding Prison.

P. S. The above are the directions which you will put on the box.

L.H.S.

(2nd sheet)

Please send knife, fork & spoon.



## APPENDIX 7

Article from *Cleveland Leader*  
July 25, 1885

## THE G. A. R. REUNION

Was Whisky Plenty at the Port-  
land Gathering? Or Did Pro-  
hibition Rule?

---

The Situation from the Standpoint  
of Chaplain L. H.  
Stewart.

---

To the Editor of the *Leader*:

In the *Leader and Herald* of July 13 you published the very amusing article or interview from Comrade T. J. Young under the title of "Plenty of Whisky."

Now, lest the utterances, which the present writer supposes to have been an effort at humor, should mislead the unsophisticated and sedate, I desire to put a few strictures upon it, for if the utterances of the comrade are to be regarded as true, then the Nineteenth National Encampment of the G. A. R. was not far removed from a drunken revelry.

Now, for the sake of the honor of the order, (than which there is none with a higher moral standard,) I enter my protest against leaving that impression on the mind of the reading public.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, I object to Comrade Young's constant assertion that the whisky was watered. It is a reflection on the honor of the saloonkeepers of Portland, a city of magnificent hospitalities. Now, seriously, comrade, was whisky so plenty? Did the presence of the national encampment at Portland so revolutionize things that on one day there was not a saloon in the city and on the morrow there were 500 saloons and they constantly increasing

from day to day! \* \* \* The suspension of the prohibition laws by the Mayor and the increase of the saloons is another "bath-tub" story and exists only in the imagination of the befogged comrade. What! A Mayor suspend an organic law of the State! It is true that a department from the far West brought tropical fruits and wines with them. It is not true that those princely comrades sold these things, they were as free to those who partook of them as the water that runs in rills.

\* \* \* The statement of Comrade Young that he did not see but one drunken man while at Portland, notwithstanding he "never was in a city with so many whisky and beer shops", is very marvelous, if true. What the occasion for so many saloons if there was no one getting drunk? The Marshal of the city said: "We have had more lawlessness and arrests in a single day with a circus in our town that would bring two thousand strangers to the place, than we have had in a whole week with from twenty-five to one hundred thousand strangers in our city."

But I have said enough to put the unsuspecting on their guard with regard to the object of the comrade's mirthful utterances.

L. H. STEWART.

Perry, O., July 15, 1885.



## APPENDIX 8

Copy of a portion of report under heading of  
“Social Purity League”

(From *The Steubenville, Ohio Gazette*)

February, 1890

ARE WE TO HAVE PROHIBITION  
IN STEUBENVILLE

“In order to get the report before the house, Rev. L. H. Stewart moved its adoption.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rev. L. H. Stewart said that he knew as well as anybody knew how apt the temperance workers of the city were in getting a temperance spell on them once or twice a year, hold meetings and talk about the curse in all its blackness, and wish to do something. Of course this is all the outgrowth of an existing temperance sentiment. We feel it our duty to get up in meeting and talk about what ought to be done, get a sentiment of the people upon which to lay the burden of responsibility, and then we lapse into innecuous desuetude. Something ought to be done, he said, for something can be done, he believed, and right here in Steubenville where the vice of the saloon and its kindred elements of evil exist and are persisted in from one end of the year to the other. Saloon-keepers have no regard for law, and in violation of the statutes openly and defiantly keep their places open twenty-four hours a day, seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year; and are we hopeless of a remedy?

\* \* \* \* \*

We evidently have lots of law, but law is not self enforcing. We might say, he said, that when saloons exist under these conditions our people favor them, but he could not think that a majority of our people were favorable to this iniquity, and yet they were restrained from an expression of opinion in a public way. If it



were not for the fear of boycotting in business he believed the people would rise up against the saloon. Many people believe that the saloon is an absolute damage to the city, a handicap to the city's progress, who would not sign a petition because of the dreadful boycott, others accept the saloon as a necessary evil. There are others who believe in the saloon if it can be restrained or regulated, and there are laws to restrain and regulate, but they are not enforced, and no one is doing anything in that direction. We are told that we can have a ten o'clock ordinance, the enforcement of which would at least allow men to go home with what little sense they may have at that hour. With a ten o'clock ordinance we can do much, and the object of the meeting is to take definite action—to do something. There are many cities of 50,000 inhabitants where nine or ten o'clock ordinances are enforced, and it is absurd to say that it cannot be done in a city of 14,000 inhabitants with a hundred saloons.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where is our boasted moral courage? He believed, however, if the question were submitted to a vote, it would be found that a large majority would favor prohibition. Let us go to the council and ask for a right to vote on the question.

Rev. Mr. Buchanan also spoke. He said a call had been issued and well advertised for a mass meeting of temperance people. And here we are a small church half filled and the women in a large majority. He had his doubts as to the feasibility of the movement.

Rev. Stewart—Then you believe in the fizzlebility of it."

## APPENDIX 9

COPY OF A LETTER (UNDATED) FROM N. (NINIAN) WALKER, ADDRESSED TO PERRY WALKER OR KATHERINE WALKER, MANSFIELD, RICHLAND COUNTY, OHIO.

(It bears a post office stamp "Manhattan—M.T. June 24 ——" I believe the date to be 1856 because of the reference in the early part of the letter, that it is a reply to Oliver Perry Walker's letter of February 9, 1856.)

The letter reads: (Punctuation added).

"Regarded (?) Son,

I acknowledge the receipt of yours dated February 9, 1856. You solicit my return on condition of a change in sentiment in point of religion. Sir, your mother and I entered the matrimonial department with characters known to each other ~~But there appears~~ and I felt myself Bound to protect her. But a change in character on her part has doomed us to a separation which it appears cannot be restored without a change in my religious opinions. I still feel myself Bound to protect my family if I can do it ~~without~~ with the free exercise of opinion. It was not those energetic causes that have produced Rupture in families heretofore such as drunken husband or indolent father But opinion alone. To be discarded from my family for opinion is hardly endurable. It is feelings that none but a father and husband can realize. Could I be restored to my family without those restraints except those common to husbands and fathers, I should be happy. I wish you to write to me immediately whether there can be a restoration. If not I shall go to the West perhaps to the mouth of Columbia River in Origan Territory. It will \* \* \* and will be remote from friends and beyond the reach of acquaintance. Write so that I may receive yours in four weeks and direct it to Manhattan Post Office on Maumee River, Lucas County, Ohio.

I am with every wish for your present and future happiness, your friend and father

N. Walker.

P. S. If I have encouragement I will pay you a visit. I am now doing fair. Business wages where I am are good. I insist upon an answer immediately.

N. Walker.



## APPENDIX 10

(COPY)

Camp at Sanantonio, Texas Sept. 11, 1861.

Dear Parent

I now seat myself this evening for the purpose of answering your kind and welcome letter which I received yesterday. Oh how glad I was to get a letter from home. I could hardly be contented till I had it read through and through. But was very sorry to hear that you had poor health. I have verry good health at this present time. That longe letter of yours and Kitty's I got it and sent a large one in return. Did you get it or not. We are now laying in camp four miles from the town. I was down to town once. It is the nicest place I've seen since we came into Texas. There is plenty of every thing. Coffee is 40 cts. a pound. Every thing you can think of and plenty of silver and gold. If Father would stay at home I would be mustered out down hear. I could make \$35 a month. The other day when I was at town there was a man offer two of us 35 dolars a month and good boarding, and the wages would be in gold an silver. I told him that I wanted to get out of the service and get home first then I may take a notion and come down and work for him. Mother one thing I want you to do is to send me three pounds of chewing tobacco by mail for it is so very scarce down hear. The Cambridge boys is geting it by mail and I think I can if you send it. Send it as soon as you get this letter. I will close for to night and finish in the morning. Good night, good night. Morning. Stewart is well and sends his best respects to all the inquiring friends. The people down hear are all Mexicans. They put me in mind of a lot of gees together. They talk so funy. There is an order hear for to muster out 3000 troops, the oldest regments. Some thinks that our regiment will be one of that three thousand but I do not, but there will be more

mustered out in a month or two and then we are shure, and if you don't get eny answers to your letters write to the Secatary of War and tell him how you are fixt and I think that he will discharge me. There was to men in the next company to ours that wrote him and got there mothers to write to the War Department for to have them discharged and about three weaks after they wrote their discharges came to them then they started for home with happy hearts. And if I am discharged I shall go to Mansfield and fetch Etta home whither Grammother wants her to come or not or else I will now the reason. If she wants to come she shall. Mother when you write send me Ben Evans directions then I will see the reason that he don't write. Tell Kitty not go to eny more parties till I get home. I will close for this time hoping to hear from you soon.

Your only son

Direct your letters to Co. B. 15 Ohio Camp at Sanantonio, Texas.

Be sure and send that tobacco that is if you can.

T. Walker



## APPENDIX 11

(COPY)

Pittsburgh, Oct. 6/73.

Mr. O. P. Walker.

I sent you a paper (city) which contained a notice of Uncle Caleb Russell's death at Crestline, Ohio Sept. 19, 1873. I would have telegraphed you at the time of his death but did not know precisely where you resided or could get you a message until I came home. I wrote to Aunt Walker relating the circumstances as near as I could. Uncle was on his way out to see her and took sick typhoid dysentery and fever. He was sick about 16 or 18 days from what I learned while there. When I learned of his sickness I went immediately & was with him about 3 days before he died.

We have been exerting ourselves to find out if uncle left a will in this city or elsewhere but we have not been able to find a will in any one's hand nor among his papers nor any reference to such a document more than a *mere pencil memorandum* made at his bedside by the attending physician during the last few days of his illness.

The paper is not dated nor properly drawn, not signed nor witnessed. It is very evidently unfinished, also showing that uncle was either too far gone to finish it or had again become unconscious for it seems he had been wandering much in his mind for days before this paper was written.

We give you herewith a copy exact of the paper, the original of which is penciled on the back of an old letter which the physician took out of his pocket at the time.

—COPY—

Caleb Russell of Pittsburg, Pa. Sisters are Jane McFadden and Sarah Russell, Ewings Mills, Pa. Catherine Walker, Grinnell Jones.



To Agnes E. daughter of Jane Russell Nesbitt he gives his watch, her mother being intermarried with Wm. E. Nesbitt.

Wm. E. Nesbitt is to take charge as executor. House No. 35—4th Avenue, Pittsburg, to go to Jane Nesbitt. House No. 33—4th Avenue to go to Ann A. McFadden. Sell House No. 31—4th ave. to pay indebtedness on the Bruno property. Sell the house if need be for ten thousand (\$10,000).

If the island property should sell for six thousand (\$6,000.00) per acre then Nesbitt appropriate from three to five thousand to purchase a farm for Thos. McF. Walker. From all the effects a sufficiently is to be supplied to support his eldest sister, Sarah Russell, during her life time comfortably and Catherine Walker to receive ——— support. If Sarah Russell choose to remain where she now is, have Three Hundred dollars per anum set apart for her support. Have deposited currency in the Allegheny Real Estate Bank amounting to \$600. for which I have a certificate. All this to go into the hands of Wm. E. Nesbitt in trust for Sarah Russell.

---

The physician (Dr. Jenner) who is a member of the Ohio Senate, wrote the above & told me that he thought the paper of no value and that it would not be established as a will and therefore he did not himself sign it or witness it. He also told me that he would not be qualified as to the soundness of uncle's mind at the time of his dictating the paper.

We have waited thus long that we could (unfinished)

## APPENDIX 12

(COPY)

Mr. O. P. Walker.

Dear Sir:

My brother James has been here writing you the particulars of Uncle Caleb's sickness & death & also about the paper left which it was hoped could have been proven & established as his will & by which my sisters Jane & Ann would have received a house & lot each valued by uncle at \$10,000 a piece, & your son Tom would have had a farm but unfortunately poor uncle began too late to make his will when almost dying and now it is decided by the best lawyers here who have taken time to examine carefully the law on all points, that the paper is of no value to any one mentioned in it nor to any one else interested. In some respects it is unfortunate but cannot now be helped.

My brother wrote as far as he could in giving you particulars etc. & also a copy of the paper & the lawyers opinions & decision, & then he had to stop & take the train home & left me to add anything he omitted. All that is necessary to add & what he intended to do was to say that you have the whole statement now with a copy of the "paper" and if you choose to spend some loose change in getting any other lawyers opinion about the value of the paper, you might be able to prove it or rather have it established as uncle's will. We can't & have given it up.

We address this letter at a venture to Mastersville, Ohio, the last place we heard of you. I hope it may reach you promptly.

Yours truly,

/s/ Thos. McFadden Jr.



## APPENDIX 13

(COPY)

Zanesville Aug. 29/58

Dear brother &amp; sister,

I wright you these few lines hopping they will find you all enjoying good health as it leaves us all enjoying the same. I received your letter on the 12th inst. stating that you had plenty of work. I am happy to hear it. We are still runing our two horse wagon. We are selling considerable of ware but not verry much for it. We did run our two wagons in the spring for some two months. We have considerable of opposition. There is another wagon started in the tin line here. Times as been verry hard this past winter. Josiah and Temperance is geting along verry well. Elisabeth sends her best respects to you all and would like to see you and the children. For my part I think you ought to come and see us and more especially mother if you are able. Mother is here with us now. She came up on the steamboat three days since. She will start home on tomorrow. Mother is not as strong as she was three or four months since. Mother as been sick, took sick yesterday with the diarea pain in her belly. She took some brandy and parigoric. She now feels better considerable. She wants you to come down soon as you can.

Mother and Betsey don't get along as well as I would like to see them. Pertheney as been verry sick but she is now geting better. Thomas and wife is living in the kichin part of the house. Mother she wants to see you and the children badly. Enclosed you will find Ten dollars that mother sent to you to buy the children clothes. Mother eye is still as bad as usual. Mother is sitting by me when I am wrighting this letter. Mother request you particular not to say any thing about this money in any of your letters neither to Isaac Evans. Yours and famaly is all well and send their best respects



to you all. You stated in your letter you sent Mother that you sent them a letter but they never received it. Elisabeth sends her best respects to all of her relations. Walter is fat and hearty. He can talk some several words. Answer this soon as you receive it. Let us know if you received it or not. Mother wants you to send her a letter soon as you can. Don't say any thing about the money in either way.

No more from your affectionate mother

Ruth Burgess

By S. Burgess.

## APPENDIX 14

(COPY)

Beverly—July 27, 1861.

Dear son and daughter,

I write to inform you that I am well and hope this will find you the same. I received your letter. Was glad to hear that you all are well, and glad that Perry has got into a cash job. I was dillitory in not answering your letters but I will try and do better in future. Samuel was down to see us on a peddling trip. He started home on last Monday morning. I was in Zanesville. I staid a week. I shall be glad when you are away from that creek. I have got a fine little girl with me. Her mother lives about 60 miles away. She is a fine fat girl about 9 years old. She is a good milker. You wanted to know where Aunt Mary George Burgess lives. She lives Saint Clairs, Scuykill County, Pennsylvania. I should like to come and see you and the children and but can't now. I expect Alfrd home to stay for good. Josiah was down week before last. They are all well. Butter is 6 cents per pound. Eggs 5 cents per dozen.

Thomas and family are well. I gess Perthena saddle fits well. Let me know where you think to move. William Townsend is still in Collumbus. He has sent for some clothes. One of the boys is going up some time soon. He is not mutch better. Eliza and all the folks are well. They would like to see you all.

No more at present.

Ruth Burges

P. S. There is no fruit here. These is a lock of my hair.

## APPENDIX 15

(COPY)

Beverly, Dec. 30th, 1861.

Dear Son and daughter.

I write to inform you that I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same. I received your letter was glad to hear that you are all well and sorry to hear of Thomas enlisting for the war. But I live in hopes of his returning safe and sound. When you write to Thomas be shure and tell him to write me a letter and give me his adress and I will answer it. William Townsend is in camp Denison, Cincinati. He wrote me a letter the other day. He likes camp life first rate. He says he would not leave it on no account.

I spent Christmas down at Eliza Townsend. Let me know how your eye is. My eye is very bad, it runs with water a great deal.

Let me know how the children are and where the girls are. If nothing happins I think I will come up in the spring. William Townsend is still in the assylum. The last account we got he was no better. Thomas Burgess has got a young son. He is about 2 months old. They have not named him yet. A great big boy.

O. Perry I think about the big potato because it eat sweater then pie. Perry I want to know if there is any ship on the stocks up thare in the shape of a young boy or girl. I have not heard anything from Samuel for some time. I thought to go to Cambridge and Zanesville this fall but the weather turned in so cold I did not go.

I send my love to Kitty and ask her is she has got as many curls as she used to have.

Give my love to Mrs. Bown and tell her I shall come and see her when I come up.

Let me know if any of Mrs. Bown children is married. Do you ever see Kitty Loyd.



Alfred and Thomas and familys send their best respects to you and also Eliza Townsend. Eliza gets along very well with the children. Write soon.

No more from your affectionate mother.

/s/ Ruth Burgess

## APPENDIX 16

(COPY)

IN MEMORY OF A VERY DEAR DAUGHTER

(Written by her Mother)

IDA'S SPIRIT WHISPERS

Weep not for me now my spirit is free  
For earth's fetters bind me no longer.  
For my love shall not fade  
Though low I am laid  
But in heaven shall live and grow stronger.

I'd not have thee weep for I am only asleep  
Neath the coffin lid just as you laid me,  
With our dear little babe prest close to my breast  
And the green grass grown over me.

I'd not have thee moon for I've only gone home  
To meet those with whom I have parted  
And I've found them all here in this heavenly sphere  
But I grieve to leave all broken hearted.

I am free from all harm from death, dread alarm  
That came our fond hearts to sever.  
I am free, I am free and will watch over thee  
Till here we're united forever.

And when thou art a long lost ——  
Shall come from heaven to cheer thee  
Breathing forth soft and low and then thou shalt know  
My spirit is hovering near thee.

## APPENDIX 17

(COPY)

Softly falls the summer sunlight  
And the birds are full of glee  
But the world is dark as midnight  
And as still as still can be.

For the brightest light has left me  
And the sweetest music fled  
O my heart are bowed within me  
For my dearest Ida's dead.

Dead, O word of awfull meaning  
Can it be that she is dead,  
Her on whom my hopes were centered  
Who such gladness round me shed.

Such a sweet and snowy blossom  
Ne'er we thought was one so rare  
Was it strange that death should envy  
Earth a flower so strangely fair.

How oft we kissed that dearest forehead  
Till it changed to marble white,  
And the rosy lips grew silent  
And the blue eyes lost their light.

Now she lays within her coffin  
And on her fair unheaving breast  
Her dearest hands are meekly folded  
For round her babe she has them pressed.

But her dear and sinless spirit  
Is not in that lonely tomb  
For the loving Saviour's bosom  
Wears its radiant fadeless bloom.

Cease fond heart, then cease repining  
Soon those partings will be o'er  
Soon again we'll clasp our darling  
On the bright eternal shore.



(COPY)

Camp 15th, Ohio

September 12th, 1865

Dear Sister Curley headed Ada.

Seeing that i was writing to Ida i thought that i would pen you a few lines to let you know that i think a great deal of my little sisters. Go to school and learn to be a good scholar and keep the little chicks from scratching up mother's garden. Throw Jim down for me. That is all this time. Write soon.

Yours,

Brother Thomas Walker.

## COPY

Camp 15th Ohio.

Septimber 12th, 1865

Camp 15th Ohio, September 12th, 1865.

Dear Sister Ida :

Seeing that I was writing to Mother i thought that i could a ford to answer your little letter which i received in the foot of mother's letter. i was glad to hear that your school commenced go to school like good sister and if i get out of the service soon i will fetch you a nice little pet. What will it be, i wonder. A dog, no a squirell, no it will be a little spotted dear i have seen lots and lots of them. No more this time.

Yours

Brother Thomas  
Walker

## APPENDIX 20

CHURCHES AND DISTRICTS SERVED BY  
REV. LEMUEL H. STEWART

1873	}	Dawson, Pa. (Supply)
		Salary: \$623.75
		Members: 252
1874	}	Thomson Chapel—Steubenville
1875		Salary: \$375.00 per year.
		Members: 148
		Probable Valuation of Church Property: \$3,000.00.
1877	}	Unionport
		Salary: \$700.00 per year
		Members: 187
		Probable Valuation of Church Property: \$6,000.00.
1878	}	Senecaville
1879		Salary: \$800.00 per year
		Members: 615
		Probable Valuation of Church Property: \$16,000.
1881	}	Richmond
1882		Salary: \$855.00 per year (including rental value of parsonage).
1883		Members: 347
		Probable Valuation of Church Property: \$14,000.
		(Note: Salary increased to \$950. for year 1883).
1884	}	Perry
1885		Salary: \$900.00 per year
1886		Members: 252
		Probable Valuation of Church Property: \$8,000.00.



1887	}	Alliance
1888		Salary: \$1200.00 (including house rent)
1889		Members: 540
		Probable Valuation of Church Property: \$21,000. (Membership increased to 601 in 1889).
1890	}	Hamline—Steubenville.
1891		Salary: \$1500.00 (including house rent)
		Members: 320
		Probable Valuation of Church Property: \$15,000.
		(Valuation of Church Property listed as \$30,000 in 1891).
1892	}	
1893		
1894		Presiding Elder—Steubenville District.
1895		
1896		
1897	}	Broadway Church—Cleveland
1898		Salary: \$1700.
1899		Members: 410
1900		Probable Valuation of Church Property: \$14,000.
1901		
1902	}	Massillon
1903		Salary: \$1500.00 (House Rent \$300.—Total \$1800.00)
		Members: 701
		Probable Valuation of Church Property: \$80,000.
		(Membership increased to 760).

1904	}	Presiding Elder—Akron District.
1905		
1906		
1907		
1908		

1909	}	Urichsville	}	(Could find no listing as to salary, membership, valuation of prop- erty, etc.)
1910				









Gc  
929.2  
St9101s  
1522067

PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ALMA WATKINS & ALBERT CO. LTD.

1522067

Gc  
929.2  
St9101s  
1522067





1522067

APPENDIX 21

Chart of the Stewart and Allied Families

JAMES STEWART (m) SARAH JANE (m) ELIZABETH DANIEL SIMMONS (m) CHRISTINA (m) ELIZABETH  
FOSTER (b) 1257 (b) 1257 (b) 1257 (b) 1257 (b) 1257  
(d) 11/25/1821 (d) 11/25/1821 (d) 11/25/1821 (d) 11/25/1821 (d) 11/25/1821  
Hagerstown, Md. (Never married)  
In War of 1812.

(a) Mahalia  
(b) 1/25/1814 (Never married)  
(c) 1814

1. Sarah Jane (m) George Barry  
(a) John  
(b) William

2. Ann (m) Perry Grey  
(a) John  
(b) Charles

3. Jane (m) Streus  
(a) Mary  
(b) Mary

4. Martha (m) Skillico  
(a) Mary  
(b) Mary

5. Mary (m) Ephraim Lashley  
(a) Benjamin  
(b) Mary

6. John (m) Maria Maple  
(a) John  
(b) William

(b) James F. (m) Dillie Morehead, Carrollton, O.  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

(b) 2/9/1810  
(c) 2/9/1810  
(d) 2/9/1810

CALDER RUSSELL (m) JANET .....  
(b) 1/1 or 2/1/1809 (d) Nov. 1841

1. James R. (b) 4/24/1710 (d) Nov. 1841  
(c) 11/14/1792 (d) 3/24/1874

2. Catherine (m) Ninian Walker (b) 1/10/1813  
(d) 4/2/1830--Toledo, O. (b) 187...

(c) OLIVER PERRY WALKER (m) 1/29/1844  
(d) 7/22/1845

4. Janet (b) 4/24/1796 (d) 0/24/1873  
(c) 4/1/1799 (d)

5. John (b) 12/19/1801 (d) 11/3/1854  
(c) 1/30/1804 (d) 12/19/1873

7. Caleb (b) 1/30/1804 (d) 12/19/1873  
(c) 10/15/1806 (d)

8. Gardner (b) 10/15/1806 (d)

1. Thomas McFadden (m) Nancy Shimer  
(b) 11/24/1844 (d) Nov. 1841

(c) Oscar  
(d) Walter

(c) Mary (m) Cary Long  
(d) Lewis Cole

2. Catherine Jane (m) James Redman  
(b) 7/20/1828 (d) 1840

(c) Charles  
(d) John

3. Harriett Reutts (m) 12/13/1879 Mar. Rich  
(b) 3/8/1800

(c) Charles  
(d) Helen

4. Virginia (Spinster)  
(b) 3/1/1854 (d) 6/25/1852

5. ADA  
(b) 4/14/1836 at Florence, Pa.

6. Ma. (m) 3/27/1878 Rev. L. D. King  
(b) 4/24/1856 (d) 1896

7. Infant child  
(d)

SAMUEL BURGESS (m) RUTH .....  
(b) 1/1 or 2/1/1809 (d) Nov. 1841

1. James R. (b) 4/24/1710 (d) Nov. 1841  
(c) 11/14/1792 (d) 3/24/1874

2. Catherine (m) Ninian Walker (b) 1/10/1813  
(d) 4/2/1830--Toledo, O. (b) 187...

(c) OLIVER PERRY WALKER (m) 1/29/1844  
(d) 7/22/1845

4. Janet (b) 4/24/1796 (d) 0/24/1873  
(c) 4/1/1799 (d)

5. John (b) 12/19/1801 (d) 11/3/1854  
(c) 1/30/1804 (d) 12/19/1873

7. Caleb (b) 1/30/1804 (d) 12/19/1873  
(c) 10/15/1806 (d)

8. Gardner (b) 10/15/1806 (d)

1. Thomas McFadden (m) Nancy Shimer  
(b) 11/24/1844 (d) Nov. 1841

(c) Oscar  
(d) Walter

(c) Mary (m) Cary Long  
(d) Lewis Cole

2. Catherine Jane (m) James Redman  
(b) 7/20/1828 (d) 1840

(c) Charles  
(d) John

3. Harriett Reutts (m) 12/13/1879 Mar. Rich  
(b) 3/8/1800

(c) Charles  
(d) Helen

4. Virginia (Spinster)  
(b) 3/1/1854 (d) 6/25/1852

5. ADA  
(b) 4/14/1836 at Florence, Pa.

6. Ma. (m) 3/27/1878 Rev. L. D. King  
(b) 4/24/1856 (d) 1896

7. Infant child  
(d)

HENRY STEELS (m) 5/29/1855 at Bath, Scot.  
(b) 1815--N.Y. Scotland. (d) 9/26/1813

1. Mary (m) 2/29/1856 John Love  
(b) 3/10/1879 (d) 9/26/1813

2. Isabelle (m) 10/15/1800 Robert M. Arthur  
(b) 6/7/1838 (d) 11 children

3. Elizabeth (m) 4/2/1833 Elizabeth  
(b) 10/25/1829 (d) 9/27/1869

4. John (b) 3/7/1844  
(c) 2/29/1869

5. Harriett (m) 8/24/1871 George Fletcher  
(b) 12/26/1856 (d) 10/9/1829

(c) Amy (m) Newman Sevey  
(d) Francis

(c) Charles (m) Elizabeth White  
(d) Helen

(c) Harriett (m) Carl Smith  
(d) William II.

7. Charles H. (m) 8/30/1887 Ella Martland  
(b) 12/18/1916 (d) 4/1/1931

(c) Mary Louise (m) Present Lyons  
(d) 3/22/1909

8. JAMES ROBERTSON  
(b) 3/17/1854 (d) 5/20/1918

9. Edward M. (m) 12/27/1861 Elizabeth Cook  
(b) 6/11/1866 (d) 1896

(a) Katherine

WILLIAM ROBERTSON (m) 12/26/1784 MARY NELSON  
(b) 11/25/1785 (d) 6/15/1854

1. James  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

2. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

3. William H.  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

4. Margaret  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

5. John  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

6. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

7. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

8. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

9. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

10. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

11. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

12. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

13. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

14. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

15. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

16. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

17. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

18. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

19. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

20. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

21. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

22. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

23. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

24. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

25. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

26. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

DANIEL MORGAN (m) .....  
(b) 11/25/1785 (d) 6/15/1854

1. James  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

2. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

3. William H.  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

4. Margaret  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

5. John  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

6. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

7. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

8. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

9. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

10. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

11. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

12. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

13. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

14. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

15. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

16. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

17. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

18. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

19. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

20. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

21. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

22. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

23. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

24. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

25. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

26. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

HUGH McCracken (m) SARAH JANE McCracken  
(b) 11/25/1785 (d) 6/15/1854

1. James  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

2. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

3. William H.  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

4. Margaret  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

5. John  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

6. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

7. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

8. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

9. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

10. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

11. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

12. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

13. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

14. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

15. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

16. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

17. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

18. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

19. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

20. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

21. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

22. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

23. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

24. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

25. Elizabeth  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854

26. Mary  
(b) 9/27/1787 (d) 6/15/1854







